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OR,

## The Wizard Crew.

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By HARRY HAZEL,

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Author of "The Doomed Ship," etc.

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or,

## THE WIZARD CREW.

BY HARRY HAZEL,

AUTHOR OF THE "DOOMED SHIP," ETC.



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### CHAPTER I.

ST. JAGO.

Do you know where St. Jago de Cuba is? It was once a great city on the eastern end of Cuba—one of those cities built by the early conquerors, and which even now preserve so much of the character of the old Moresque architecture, which has been perpetuated in all Spain and the colonies that emanated from it, since the days when the Arabs ruled the Iberian peninsula. The thick, massive walls of coral rock seem as if they were intended to resist an enemy, and the narrow-grated windows make every house seem a castle. That, however, is not the reason of the great thickness of the walls, which were constructed for the purpose of shutting out the heat of a tropical climate. Such was the general appearance of the town; and one of the most characteristic buildings was the Povada of the Señora Capella, an old monastery which, by the gradual decay of old Spain and her colonies, had subsided into a simple inn, frequented exclusively by the officers and crews of the national and foreign vessels which visited Santiago. The river was in the back-ground, and far away in the distance shone the glorious prospect of a southern sea. The sunset had all the gorgeous peculiarities of the southern ocean, the rose and orange hues mingling together and fusing themselves into tints which Poussin might envy, and which Coreggio could not imitate. Far in the distance lay a dark, low, mysterious vessel, the black hull of which shone in the tropi-

cal sea like a spot on the sun. This mysterious vessel had acquired a peculiar interest in the island, and was known to all as the "Wizard of the Wave." Far in the distance, half hidden by the long point which nearly shelters Santiago from the sea, lay the hull of another vessel, too far removed even to permit the tapering masts to be seen. The two vessels, in model, seemed fac similes, and there were some who thought that the one was but a shadow of the other.

The Señora Capella was keeper of the principal fonda of the city, whither came all the notabilities of the town and the officers of the vessels which from time to time visited the harbor ; and on the night we speak of, early in the present century, it was crowded. Montaneros and Guajiros drank and smoked, chattered and sang ; but amid all the crowd, one party became visible and distinct.

Just in front of the window was a table, at which sat Hugh Hearton, master of H. B. M.'s Wizard of the Wave, Caleb Cutbody, surgeon of the same, and Weevil, a mate of the Wizard. Not too far removed to be out of the reach of conversation, but too far to mingle in the society, sat Ralph Raddle, an able-bodied seaman.

At another table was Faraguez, lieutenant of the governor of Santiago—and an individual rejoicing in the name of Ralph Raddle, sat solitary and alone on a stool by himself. In the back part of the room were many sailors, and on the outside, peasants, men and women of the island, danced. At the time when our story opened, every voice seemed extended with mirth.

Hearton, the master, in the uniform of his grade, a good, substantial, healthy-looking man, sat on the right of the table—two of the other sides of which were occupied by Cutbody (the doctor) and Weevil—and burst out in the following exclamation, the rationality of which none will dispute :

" Curse on their noise ! Doctor, can you not anatomise them ?"

The surgeon was busy with an *olla*, a Spanish dish, but one to which all sojourners in *las antillas* have a natural proclivity ; he waked up and began to speak. Before, however, we record the doctor's words, it may be as well to describe his personalities. He had on a white monkey-jacket, which betokened him to be a sailor ; a white vest, of spotless neatness, which declared him a gentleman ; and the tight pants and gaiters, which all doctors, from Panglass to the present time, have worn. The doctor was fond of a joke, and said :

" Anatomise them ! bless you, master ! that would be easy enough, if I had my instruments. Your argument, however, is rather too much even for a doctor of medicine."

"Curse your landsman learning! Tell me, though, doctor, why in blazes does not the sun burn these devil's imps of natives as it burns us? Why do they dance away as if, like Nova Scotians, they wanted to dance out the cold?"

But Mr. Weevil spoke. He was a little anatomy of a man, like a skin of parchment over one of the skeletons Cutbody used to study. His little round jacket, red waistcoat and big, sailor's trousers of fine duck, by the bye, told exactly what he was—a mate.

"Lord love you, doctor!" said Weevil; "weather is nothing to them. They would dance in Davy Jones' locker, if the lid was shut down. Never mind, though, let us go back to first principles and the argument. Now, as I told you, listen to me:

"You are under a stake out on the foretop, all else close, a lee-shore a league on your larboard, and the eddy where I told you. Now what would you do?"

Hearton thought for a moment, and dipping his fingers in the glass, began to make all imaginable diagrams on the table. At last he said, "Listen to me, and I will show you."

We will not repeat their scientific terms, though they shouted them loud enough to be heard at the other end of the city; but at last Ralph Raddle, who had been a quiet looker-on, advanced, hitching up his trousers—which he wore in true seaman's fashion—as he did so.

"I daren't know as to that; but she be woundy quick to sail."

"Caballeros," said Feraguez, advancing to the party; "they say that vessel is the 'Wizard of the Wave.'"

"You are right, Mr. Spaniard," said Raddle.

"Caramba, that is true; they tell me her captain is the devil."

D—n your eyes, Jack Spaniard! did you call my captain the devil? Call Charley Falkner the devil!"

The surgeon, when he saw the sailor square off in regular Somersetshire, crossed in front of them, and briefly uttered the word "Attention!" Ralph at once dropped his arms, and stood erect, as if he had served in the marines. The doctor uttered the other command, "Stand at ease!"

"Doctor," said Ralph, "I thought it were the lieutenant; but it be only you. Did you hear what that Spaniard said?"

In the meantime Feraguez stood back in terror.

The doctor said, slowly and carefully, "The gentleman told the truth. Captain Falkner is—ahem!" He then faced to the Spaniard, and said, "do you know, Señor, he can call a wind when he pleases, and tell his ship to sail as fast as he wills."

Feraguez looked amazed, and said, "Why ~~an~~ earth doos he come hither with his Wizard?"

"Ah!" said the doctor, "that is exactly what you wish to know. Not even his crew do."

"None of them?" asked Feraguez.

"No: not one."

Feraguez, who be it understood spoke an English not exactly classical, but very like that of a Gibraltar water-carrier, said, "The governor would give a hundred golden crowns to any one who could tell him about that ship. Perhaps you can."

This was said with the peculiarly insinuating air Spaniards and the other southern races use, when they wish to corrupt.

The doctor, who was a sturdy John Bull, fully impressed with the idea that any one who did not speak English must be a Frenchman, seemed to hesitate, but at last dropped the words, as if involuntarily:

"A hundred crowns! I might get them."

The Spaniard drank in every syllable. At last he said: "Good Señor, you will tell me, and the hundred golden crowns shall be yours." With all the majesty of an Hidalgo, he wrapt his cloak around him and stalked away, leaving the two officers and Ralph Raddle comparatively alone.

When Feraguez was gone, there was a brief pause in the conversation, which was finally broken by Ralph, who again approached the table from which he had temporarily withdrawn, with the habitual tug at his trowsers, everywhere recognized as the distinguishing characteristic of a sailor. He said:

"Lord, Master Doctor, what on airth made you stuff up that Spaniard with stories so?"

"Ralph," said the doctor, "I did not tell him one. I said the captain could order a wind when he pleased; so he can. I did not say, however, that the wind would come. I said he could order his ship to sail as fast as he pleased. So he can; but, for all that, you know, as well as I and the captain do, how many knots an hour the vessel can make."

Weevil became enthusiastic, buttoned up the breast of his jacket, and uttered the very nautical exclamation: "Give us your hand, old plank; for a better one never was built in a vessel;" and he took the captain's hand. "You have done what many admiralty-lifted lubbers never would have dared, even if they had eaten up their cocked hats and epaulets. You will, however, own that your vessel is in devilish strange soundings!"

Hearton took his hand, and said, "I can't say. Obey orders is the maxim, and the captain is as tight as a marine drum. One more drink."

"Belay, belay!" said Weevil; "I have orders to execute, and the man we get them from gives *orders*. You are a good sailor, and the very sight of you brings up the very bilge-water of memory. Good-bye, good-bye! some day you will know more." The worthy mate looked intently into Hearton's face, as he spoke the last words, and hurried out, followed by all the sailors who had hitherto sat in the room, at a most respectful distance from their superiors.

At the very door of the room he met a strange-looking customer, half-sailor, half-landsman, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Tim Treacle, purser's clerk of the "Wizard of the Wave;" and was saluted by the latter thus:

"Stranger unknown, how are you? Take a drop of nothing? You belong to the schooner over the point, don't you?"

Weevil gathered up all his dignity, and said; "My master, I belong to the vessel over there, but how on earth do you know she is a schooner? Everybody knows you can tell the difference between a pig-tail and a dutch-cheese; but where, my little land-crab, did you find out what a schooner was?" The crowd laughed, for a purser's clerk is the butt of every ship; and the more angry Tim Treacle became, the louder was their mirth.

Ralph Raddle, of all the crowd in the room, stood alone, and laughed louder and longer than ever, so much that he finally attracted the attention of Treacle, who approached him in a threatening attitude. He said:

"Stop your laughing; I won't stand it! Sure as the rule of three is true, I'll fight. Call me a land-crab!" Ralph laughed, and none can tell what the desperate clerk might have done, so warlike had he become, if Hearton had not stepped between them, and said:

"Come, lads, no quarrels, for we have far more important things to think of. The natives here, I mean these Spaniards, think our craft the devil's own, and only a coop for a crew of fiends. They think we all come from the waters on the other side of Holmes' hole. Now this won't do; for as long as they think so, the devil a boat will come to us devils, with fresh Tommy, or anything else that is fresh."

"Ah!" said Tim, "I do suffer! I lived so luxuriously at home!"

Raddle looked at him, and said, drily, "Yes, your mother keeps a chandler's shop at Gosport."

"Well, Mr. Jolly—for let me tell you, Mr. Raddle, you be nothing but a marine—was not that a luxury? All I wanted, was in the shop."

Didn't I get the nice corners of the loaves the baker left in the morning? and didn't I dip them in the treacle? What have I got now? bad biscuits, bread and meat together, where bugs have been breeding for seven years, and meat that nothing but a boarding-axe can cut. I feel the difference, with tears in my eyes! I do—I do!"

The purser's clerk walked to and fro in the most agitated manner, and at last approached Doctor Cutbody, who said, "Tim, keep your tears to strengthen your grog. These Jack Spaniards are all afraid of us, for I saved the life of one poor fellow by a cataplasm on his stomach, and the graceless hound said I put my hand on his stomach, and it burned him like a hot iron. By the soul of Galen, I put a regular blister of Spanish flies on his bread-basket, and I took good care they should burn the graceless scoundrel!"

"Ah!" said all; and Treacle insinuated, "But, doctor, your remedies are twice as strong as those we serve."

"Of course they are. We don't sell them."

"But, doctor," said Tim Treacle, "the worst of the matter is, they really *avoid* me."

"They do, do they? That is very funny."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed all—and the conversation might have continued much longer, but that a loud, cheery laugh was heard outside, speaking thus:

"Heave ho! my hearties, what cheer? Donna Capella, ho! my she admiral Donna Capella!"—and in rushed Tom Truck, coxswain of the Wizard of the Wave, in the tight-hipped trousers and loose jacket of the sailors of the day. Tom sung the first stave of an old sea-song, "All among the Hottentots, capering ashore," etc. "Yoho, my hearties! so you have all come to anchor in this roadstead? and it is the best in the island. But where is the old lady? Donna Capella, Donna Capella, ahoy!"

And Donna Capella entered.

But who was she? A nice, tight, snug-built Spanish woman, of thirty-five or forty, very little the worse for wear, with a profusion of bracelets, jewelry and chains. She had just enough of the black blood in her veins to give that wavy curve to her hair which is so great an attraction in the creole quadroons.

Probably no race on earth dress so extravagantly as the natives of the West Indies; and the white satin skirt, tight fitting-black velvet bodice, covered with silver lace, and the silk stocking and well-fitting shoe, disclose no small vestige of beauty.

"Aha, Señores Ingleses! Señor Truck, I kiss your hands."

"Kiss my hands, Donna! not Tom Truck's sorry hands, but kiss nis lips, though they are stained with tobacco."

As Truck spoke, he and all the company bowed with the most ludicrous gravity.

"Ah, Señor Truck, why do you make so much noise and bellow like a bull so much?"

Truck said, "Donna, the mosquitoes bother me so, I could not but yell. But, Donna, what can you tell me about all the traps of the leftenant. Give me your advice now, my bumboat commodore."

Donna Capella arose with an air of offended dignity, and said, "I know nothing about bumboats or commodores; are you sure your captain cannot hear?"

"To be sure."

"Well, they say he is the devil," said Donna Capella. While you were all amid the storm of yesterday, when the wind was highest and the water roughest, in came your captain, epaulets and all. He said, 'Donna, the weather is bad. I want some wine.' I went for it, and I saw, when I came back, your captain all dressed in black—black velvet. He said to me, 'Donna, some brandy!'"

"What! our captain?"

"Yes, your captain!"

"Dressed in black?"

"Yes!"

"Well?"

"I was afraid, and ran back to where I left him; and there he stood, in full uniform, waiting for his wine. I tell you, your captain is the devil!"

The company present had heard this, but being all old sailors, they laughed at it, except Tim Treacle, who become completely overpowered, and fell at once into Hearton's arms. As he did so he said:

"Ah! ah! support me—I shall faint!"

The crowd hurried around and fanned him, being more prodigal of attention than they would probably have been with many a better man.

The doctor stepped up and said, "Wait a moment, until I breathe a vein;" and he whipped out the case of instruments, which military and naval surgeons keep with them carefully as other men do their pocket books.

"Donna, did you see the captain's tail?"

"See the captain's tail! no, I never look at captains' tails."

"I am glad, for then I never would have recovered!"

The master Hearton walked up and down the room silently, but evidently in deep thought; and shadows seemed to come and go seriously over his brow. At last, Tom Truck said:

"Stop your log, and just look at the master walking up and down there, like a ship in the trade-winds! Bless your soul! though in Donna Capella's house, his thoughts are in blue water. Ha! you do not think the skipper is the devil, do you? Ho! Mr. Hearton, what do you think?"

Hearton said, moodily, "I cannot say, lad, for I am entirely out of my latitude, and I tell you what: last night I saw you put off with the captain in his gig, and had not gone ten steps towards Donna Capella's, when, bless your soul, I saw him plain as I see you!"

Tim Treacle had heard the conversation, and said, "Master, did you see the captain's tail?"

"See his tail! why?"

"Because, then it is certain that he is the devil."

"Tim Treacle, do you think his majesty ever gave the devil command of such a ship as that?"

"Lord Bless you, sir, how should I know?"

"The doctor seemed not a little amazed, and burst out with the exclamation, "We must all be physicked. Bless my soul, here he comes!"

The words were scarcely uttered, when the person of whom they spoke, Captain Falkner, master of the Wizard of the Wave, walked through the arched door-way and sat down. None had seen him enter, and they were not a little surprised when he said:

"Donna Capella, when you have finished waiting on those gentlemen, perhaps you will attend to their captain."

Up started the Donna, with a scream, and not a person was present who did not feel as if something supernatural had taken place; and they hurried to different parts of the room, each expressing the deepest amazement and surprise.

"Holy trinity!" said Donna Capella.

"Your honor here!" said truck. "Bless my eyes!"

"Lord! I smell brimstone!" said Tim Treacle.

Falkner appeared to hear none of these exclamations. Perhaps he did not; but he walked across the room—all avoiding him, either from respect to discipline, or because they thought the devil was among them.

When alone, he began to talk, as men will do, who have great objects to guard.

"Manly's story," said he, "is true; for even those who have served with me for years, seem affected by it. It is good, though, for it may—ay, it shall serve my purpose." He turned around to the hostess, and said:

"Come, my charming Donna, attend to the provisioning department, and serve out a stiff allowance to all my dainty Wizard's men, and give the captain, do you hear, a double allowance of cold water. A sailor's legs were not made for climbing over high hills, beautiful soever as the lime trees and orange blossoms may be."

Donna Capella looked at him in amazement, and said, "In a moment, captain. Oh, that such a handsome man should be captain of devils!"

She left at once, to attend to his orders; and we may here say, that, though we have given what Donna Capella said, in tolerably good English, she spoke the miserable lingua-franco dialect, which makes the patois of the American Mediterranean even worse than that of Europe.

Falkner turned to his master and said, "Hearton, let the eye of your experience see that the Wizard be taught and trim, alow and aloft, as a lady's boudoir. Truck, my man, do not be standing there, like a dolphin at confession, but see the boat's crew rigged in their best. You, Treacle—"

"Your honor! your honor! Lord!" said he, aside, "don't I smell brimstone?"

"Treacle, tell Sergeant Cartridge to have his men in parade order. I am going to give a ball on board."

Ralph Hearton saluted, and said what a sailor says to every order:

"Ay, ay, your honor."

Tim was in amazement, and said:

"A ball on board!"

"Yes, Master Purser's-clerk, I intend to give a ball on board, if you have no objection."

"None in the least, your honor; but you will of course invite the ladies?"

Falkner laughed, and said, "Of course, I will; for what were a ball without their shining faees? We, poor sons of the sea, know too well what it is to be without the heaven of their society, to omit a single opportunity of enjoying it. The glories and wonders of old ocean, the sweet varieties of flower-covered lands, all pass as nothing to the lonely mariner; but were the partner of his fate, the girl he loves, companion of his perils, the boundless waste around him would be peopled with sweet hopes. The sun-burnt lands of all the world would be dear to him as his loved home, danger would be a dream, toil a

pleasure, and the hard-earned victory doubly proud and glorious ; for her smile would thank him and her eye speak the share she bore in the bright fame he had achieved. Here, though, lads, is your grog. To women—ugly, old, young or beautiful—still they are the soothers of our cares. Woman !”

We need not say that the toast was drank enthusiastically.

The landlady's niece Dianez entered, and all looked at her except Tom Truck, who could have no idea that a woman was made for anything but a landlady. The brilliant black eye, the full rounded form, the pretty foot, and graceful figure of Dianez, were all displayed by her amber skirt and black velvet bodice, which is almost as universal in Cuba as the *fajin* or sash in Andalusia of old Spain. The two countries in fact are not unlike—men and women having the same impetuosity of soul and thought, the same dark eyes, and the same fusion of languor and excitement, which makes them either the most yielding or terrible in the world.

“ Your honor,” said Truck. I—that is, sir, it is miraculous, but Mr. Belford, the first lieutenant, your honor, knows—it is miraculous—last night, when we were alongside, overhauled this idea of a ball. Says I, your honor, says I, “ That is the way to hook all the female fish of the island, old and young ; and, blast my eyes, if we don't show them that we men of the Wizard are not witches nor devils ! Do you know, your honor, I have satisfied a good many of the female creatures, that it was not the case with old Tom, at least sometime ago ?”

“ No doubt of it, Truek ; but just tell Mr. Belford, that I have taken the wind out of his sails. Tell him, too, in his cruise up yonder, to keep a sharp look on the bearing of every height. He will know what I mean. Here, my lass, is payment ; now give me the change.”

He took fair Dianez around the waist, kissed her pouting lip, and went out, laughing merrily. Dianez had preceeded him.

The master sat silently for a moment, and then, with a thoughtful voice, said :

“ He is a brave fellow. The king has no better officer.”

“ You may say so, Master Hearton ; for a better sailor never trod a deck. As to his being old nick, why the devil himself would not like to have him board his quarters.”

“ I am not so sure,” said Treacle, “ that there was not something infernal in his kissing Dianez. It really made me jealous. I love that girl.”

Truck looked at him with amazement. “ Stop your gal ble, young nibble-cheese, for though I don't say much, I kind o' like that young one

and I won't have your purser's mug between a sailor like myself and her. Ah! there is his honor, just getting into his boat. There she goes, behind the rocks."

All took off their hats, paying from discipline, even at a distance, all the respect due the royal commission.

They had scarcely done so, when a stranger entered the room and threw off his cloak. He wore the dress of the day in that country—a slouched hat with a plume, tight black pantaloons, a gray vest, and the heavy Spanish boots, all wore in his land. The whole dress was trimmed with gray, and, like his plume, was black as the raven's wing. All rose at once, perfectly paralyzed: not at his entrance, but at the striking likeness and almost identity of the stranger with the captain, the boat of whom they had just before seen disappear. Dress alone made the difference, and but for it, none could have distinguished the stranger from the captain.

"Why, Tim!" said Truck.

"Tom!" said Tim.

Hearton caught the doctor's hand, and, as he clenched it, said:

"Caleb Cutbody!"

"Hearton!" said the doctor.

All looked with amazement at the unknown, who sat silent and unobserving.

Truck first recovered himself, and said: "Well, I never saw the skipper in black before."

In a sad tone, Hearton said, "It is not the skipper, but the devil."

Diane entered the room, and as she saw the stranger, started back and exclaimed, in her own tongue, "Es el diablo!"

The stranger noticed none of this bye-play, but turning around to Diane, said:

"Bring me some of your best wine, Nina, and fresh water from the spring."

Diane was about to leave, but before she reached the door, he called her back, and said, carelessly:

"Hark, girl! have there been any others here but the Black Wizard's crew?"

"Mr. Weevil was here a moment since, sir."

"Ah! if he be gone, bring me the wine at once."

The unknown relapsed into silence, and after a moment or two, Truck recovered his presence of mind, and said:

"That is the captain's voice, I'll swear, and the Black Wizard is what we call the 'Barky.'

"That's so, I swear," said Hearton; "see the gold chain he always wears!"

"I am not wed to be fearsome," said Truck; but, by the powers, I am all in a ~~cool~~ sweet. I wish one of the lieutenants would come to overhaul that fellow's papers.

Treacle was terrified to death, and could but exclaim, while each particular hair stood erect: "If I was only in Wapping, wouldn't I desert!"—and he began at once to move towards the door, when the doctor said, following him:

"I'll stop him."

"Avast, there, dooter! we want you;" and he caught the medico by the jacket. "Now," said he, "that we are boarded by the devil, we cannot spare the doctor from the cockpit."

"Of course not, Truck," said the master; "hold on to him. (He arose and took the doctor's hand.) Hold on, old fellow. If the devil is not very hungry, the purser's clerk will make a very decent lunch for him."

Caleb Cutbody faced around, and, in the most professional manner conceivable, said, "I prescribe an immediate change of air for all hands."

"Well, well, it is either the captain—or—or the devil," said the group, each uttering in succession one of the members of this sentence. And they cautiously left the room.

The stranger, who had caused all this comment, sat for some time quietly sipping his wine, and then arose and paced the room anxiously, and muttered to himself: "Fool! fool! I bade him wait for me. No messenger either from the stupid governor! They leave me alone to play out this desperate game, and I will not shrink from it. This English captain, they say, is shrewd, and commands as fine a bark as ever floated, yet I do not fear him. I, who have outwitted all men in all lands, do not fear this rude son of ocean, clever and brave though he be. I have a rich prize before me, unbounded wealth, peerless beauty, and repose from a life of storm. There lies my craft; that naught that sails has ever beaten, and—one more step in blood, and then a life of peace—. I will not stop, and nothing shall make me doubt success!"

The dark man continued to walk to and fro in agitation, until another person entered. He turned abruptly to him, and said:

"Sluggard, you made your port just in time to save your tide, but only in time."

Dianez in the interim brought in more wine, which she placed

before them and then retired to the door, behind which, unseen by the two, she stood using the woman's privilege of listening.

The new comer, in the full, green uniform of a Spanish officer, and the name of whom was Feraguez, the lieutenant of the governor of Santiago, said, respectfully :

" Señor, I have been here more than an hour, but the crew of that English ship being present, I did not show myself."

The stranger said, " True ; the governor is invited to their ball. He must go, as all must who are to be companions of that journey we know of. Hear me ! The English are here either for good or bad, but be that as it may, the festivities of the evening will throw them off their guard. When the moon rises, after midnight, their vessel will not be able to pass the bar, and I will have thus seven hours the start. My ship is all unmoored, and before they can well get to sea, will be beyond their reach."

" And the treasure ?"

" Will be placed on board while the fools are dancing. Weevil will attend to that. Tell Don Jose he must join in their revels, and trust all to me ; for though he see me not, I will be near. I too may dance, but it will be as the flame dances over the magazine, until some crevice is found, to enter and sweep all to ruin."

" I will deliver your message. Adios, exetenza !"

" My G—d, I would as soon sail with the devil as with him ! I do not think he is a very good man."

Poor Feraguez, though not far wrong, was not right ; for the person of whom he spoke, was one of those fearful men sent on earth seemingly as curses. When he was gone, the stranger arose again, and pacing the room as he had previously done, resumed the tenor of his thoughts, which seemed to burst from his lips in words like the following :

" Now for my mountain beauty ! I will win the prize of her matchless loveliness, and she shall share my trip, though all the British navy stood before me. Ho, for the bower of beauty ! The serpent's tongue in Eden was not so sweet as mine shall be. She may have friends who love her ! Pshaw, what of that ! I love her, and she shall be mine, though I trample on a thousand hearts to make my victory sure. Now for the mountain and my prize !"

The stranger put on his cloak and hat, and stalked rapidly from the room.

Dianez entered when he had left, and said, to herself, as she took away the glasses :

“What can he mean? no good, I’m sure. I’ll think of it.”  
And she did think of it to some purpose, as will be seen; for women are great hands at unraveling mysteries.

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## C H A P T E R II

## THE MEETING.

THERE is no more beautiful country on earth than Cuba. Its rich plantations, its glorious cafetals and sugar haciendas have often been described, and many a wild fancy has luxuriated in the scenes of delicious languor, with which all is so redolent. The beautiful isles of the Egean, doubtless, have their beauty enhanced by the fact that poets in all ages, from Homer to Byron, have sung them; and for a similar reason, beautiful as they are, the great and glorious Antilles are but half appreciated. They are not, however, without their romance; for there Columbus first comprehended the glory and greatness of his own acts; there De Soto, Ojeda and Ulloa rose to fame and distinction; and there lingers the lone vestige of European despotism in America. Some day it must be the subject for the poet and novelist, though as yet it has attracted no pen but that of the American Irving, of whom may be said, as was of his great prototype Goldsmith, “he touched nothing that he did not adorn.”

One great feature of Cuba has, however, been rarely described—its mountains. Like those of Sicily, they rise high above the plains below, but unlike them, have many beautiful table-lands, which, since the colonization of the island, afford a retreat for those of the population who, in the unhealthy season, were from their position unabale to fly from the only curse of the country—the vomito of September. These mountains rise precipitately, the different character of foliage and of growth betokening a different climate and temperature. First in the plain are the guava, the palma-real, with the trunk like an Egyptian column, the zapote, the lime, and the orange. Higher up, the iron-wood and the bastard mahogany, and on the brows the pine and the Spanish oak—all perpetually green, never changing, and almost realizing those famous Armidan islands, where “summer reigned all the year, and winter came not.”

The very earth, too, is various as the trees; it produces. On the lowlands are the coral rocks, the vast concrete madrepore; on the decli-

vity cupriferous quartz, shale, etc. ; and high up, towards heaven, great granite peaks, which prove the islands of the Mexican Gulf to be portions of the American continent, abraded perhaps when the great lakes, which rolled where now the North American praries are, burst their barriers and swept down the Mississippi to the sea.

In one of the gorges of the mountains which rise westward of Santiago, and from the highest point of which might be seen the town with the two vessels in view, (the one lay in the harbor, while the other was anchored beyond the low point of land which in fact constituted the harbor,) not long after the strange scene we have spoken of, stood four persons, three of whom were negroes, in the common cotton dress of their class. The fourth was Isabenda del Sandover, a Castilian lady, and daughter of the governor of Santiago. We are but poor hands at a description of female dress, and can say no more of the lady than that she wore the peculiarly rich dress of her country, and the veil which Spanish women ever substitute for the hideous bonnet with which those of other lands for centuries have disfigured themselves. Her name was Isabenda, and she spoke thus to the eldest of the three negroes, the dress of whom showed that he was of a superior gang, and a member of what is called, in that country, the *gente de casa*, and in portions of our own, rejoices in the less euphonious synonym of "house-gang."

Her voice was clear and musical, and she said to the slave :

" Domingo ! domingo ! it cannot be that these English are as bad as you say they are. There lies their vessel, like a stately bird ; and those I saw before my father sent me to this wilderness, were very good-looking, very handsome."

" Yes, donna. The devil in their country is very good-looking. He wears a wig to hide his horns, and covers up his tail with a long skirt."

" Bah ! Domingo," said Isabenda, " that is all nonsense !"

" It is true, donna, and he carries a green bag, and they call him lawyer !"

" That is foolish," rejoined the lady ; " and I saw one far handsomer than our countrymen, who my father said was an officer. He said, though, they were all atheists and very bloodthirsty. Heigho ! why did my father send me hither, where it is so lonely. He promised, too, that I should not be alone."

" But, donna, you are not alone, for I am here."

" But he said I should have a maid."

" Well, I am your maid, and a very good one too. Did I not nurse you when you were little ? why not nurse you now ?"

" Well, Domingo, it cannot be helped, and I must abide by my

father's will. See, though, Dianez comes! He has faithfully kept his promise."

Dianez came up to the party at that moment, and she was kindly received by Isabenda, who bade her the warmest welcome. She exclaimed :

"Now I shall enjoy the blooming flowers, and watch with joy the twinkling stars. I will be able to listen, too, to the murmur of the water-fall. How, though, is my father? When will I see him?"

"He will come to see you, secretly," said Dianez. He sent me up from my aunt's, and bade me say he would see you as soon as possible after me."

"Dear Dianez, what means this mystery? Were we not so happy until that English vessel came? Now everybody seems afraid."

I had an English sweetheart," said Dianez; and I am sure I thought him more of angel than a devil."

"Bah!" said old Domingo, "that is nonsense; three are no English angels. Angels never speak English. All devils do though."

"Domingo, what language do angels speak?"

"Mandingo, to be sure, a pretty language is Mandingo;" and the old man began a long, monotonous, negro chant, which might have lasted I know not how long, had not the fair Castilian's father joined them.

He was a tall, fine-looking Spaniard, preserving all the characteristics of his race, but with a sad, melancholy brow, betokening deep and secret sorrow. He wore all the insignia of his rank, which well became him, and set off his person to the greatest advantage. He clasped his daughter in his arms, kissed her, and half in ejaculation, half in conversation, said :

"My child! my treasure! it were indeed a pity to blight the promises of thy lovely youth. Domingo, take your companions with you. Do you hear? Watch the point—the signal-point—you understand—so that my retreat may never be cut off. Be watchful!"

"Yes, master," said Domingo; "I never sleep on my post, and will watch for the English devils;" and Domingo left with his sable companions.

"Dianez," said the governor, "remain within, for I have something to say to you."

Dianez left, and at once the governor turned to his daughter and said; "What ails you, my child? Why do you tremble so, and look so pale? are you not with your father?"

"Ah, yes!" said Isabenda, "with a dear, dear father. You too, sir, are pale! What is the matter? Tell, tell your child! Your hot handa

your restless eye, the nervous motion of your lip, all conspire to make me fear for you. Yet I know not what to fear."

"Do not, then," said Don Jose; "'tis best."

"Father," said Isabinda, "I fear. Tell me, father, the very worst I will not tremble, then. What is the matter? Tell me, tell me if you love me—if you love my mother. All makes me dread something, though I know not what is fear?"

"'Tis well, daughter, you do not."

"Now," said Isabinda, "you make me tremble. Dear father, let me know the worst, and as I said, I will not tremble then—let me but share your fate, whatever it be. Cast me not from you, if you love me. We were all happy before that fatal vessel came."

"How know you that?" said the governor. Who said I feared that vessel? Who has dared—"

The old governor paused, as if to check thoughts that found too quick an utterance. 'Nay I am wrong. Her anxiety alone makes her suspect; yet why deny? That vessel does annoy me.'

"Why," said Isabinda, "should you, dear father, so dread and fear the English?"

Don Jose looked sadly at her, and said: "I have my reasons, girl; for their unusual presence may thwart the labored purpose of my trouble life—may plunge me from a pinnacle of power into the contempt of darkness and of poverty! I hate, I loathe their sea-girt isle. A wild memory of my youth pictures a ruined home—a blighted name—heart-broken parents, and a fiend-like friend, false as the pit he sprang from. Black were his deeds, black as the heart within his breast, and torturing as the eternal memory of his wrongs—and even now drive on the refuge till no refuge can be found except in madness or the grave!"

"Father," said Isabinda, "this is awful."

"True, girl, it is terrible; but yet you shall know all. The time is near, when I may be, perchance, stripped of power. You leave the island to-night."

The pale girl looked around with terror, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, said: "Leave my lovely home—this glorious isle—the spot where I have trained my flowers, where the feathered tenants of my orange-bowers come at my beck and call—leave my home?"

"Innocence and youth, dear child, can make a home wherever they will. Yon vessel is my fate."

"Why so, dear father? They tell me its officers are frank and free!"

"You will be able to judge them better; for to-night we will attend the ball on board their ship."

"Ah!" said Isabinda, and her young heart beat with joy; "a ball! a ball! And may I go?—a ball! a ball!"

"Come, daughter, come," said the old Spaniard. "I will attend you. Go to the hermitage and prepare for the ball, which must, to a heart like yours, free from all guilt and shame, be joyous. Come, Dianez, and Domingo will attend you."

And the sad couple left. The one was weighed down by memories of the past, and the other, despite herself, could not but entertain anticipations of the future. Thus is it ever; for in youth, as the great Jean Paul has said, "we see dim shadows spread before us, and in old age see nothing but darkness behind us."

Scarcely had they gone, when the clear, loud voice of Truck was heard, shouting as if he manned the anchor.

"Heave ho! master Tim Treacle, spread more canvas! Come on! come on!"

And around the declivity of a rock appeared Tim, pistol in hand, with Truck behind him, armed with a boat-hook. Truck shonted again:

"Shake out a reef or two more, I tell you, or his honor will make a target of your stern-parts, by way of practice. Do you hear, you lubber!"

"Any one," said the purser's clerk, "who heard you talk, would think I was a pointer-dog, instead of an officer of his majesty's victualing department. Mr. Belford is too good a sportsman ever to take me for a partridge or iguana. Do you think he would make game of me?"

"Make game of you, Tim! Lord, everybody does! But did not you join our convoy because you said you were good at beating up the game?"

"But, Tom Truck, I have seen no game to beat. I have got a gun, you see,"—and Treacle shook his pistol ferociously—"while you have only a boat-hook. As, though, you cannot shoot them with a boat-hook, I suppose you have your pocket full of *fresh* salt to sprinkle on their tails!"

It was rarely that Truck put on dignity; but now he looked grave as a chaplain, or a midshipman expecting promotion. He turned his quid twice or thrice in his mouth, and then broke out somewhat in this fashion:

"You ugly, little, uncivilized powder-monkey!—do you dare to play

tricks on me, Tom Truck, coxswain of the captain of the Wizard of the Wave? you swab, you wretch, you salt junk of ingratitude! Did not your mother rub out my chalk for tobacco and smuggled gin, if I would just let you drown yourself in a bucket of bilge-water? You poke your speaking-trumpet at me, you wet nurse, you sucking cockney! Look here! now just start up a fox, a hare, or some other bird, or I will make all the loblolly-boys give you a holy stoning, and grease you down with a salt eel afterwards. Away with you, you cribbing, allowance-stealing insect! or I will give you a box as big as a captain's sea-chest."

Truck would probably have put his threat into execution, had not a young man, in the handsome uniform of the royal navy, entered. The new comer said: "Avast, there, Truck! What on earth has Little Slops been doing?" The new comer was Mr. Belford, of whom we have had occasion to speak more than once.

"Done, your honor! done! He never did anything. I brought him along because he bragged about his sportsmanship. He told me as how he once went shooting in some wild country they calls Wardsworth, and was out with the king at Epping, or some where in foreign parts, where people hunts stags and sausages. Bless your honor's eyes! I thought, before now, he would have started a whole convoy. Bah! he is not worth a quid of tobacco, that has been chewed for ever so many days."

Belford laughed, and said: "Well, Truck, there is nothing but an iguana to be started here."

"Mr. Belford," said Treacle, "you will certainly remember, though this old sea-horse forgets it, that I am neither a hound nor a pointer-dog. If, though, I can be of use to a brother sportsman, please command me. But this old sea-monster, to whom my mother, now an angel in heaven——"

Tom Truck looked amazed, and yelled, "My eyes! your mother an angel! I swear, lieutenant, she squinted."

"Never mind that, Mr. Belford. As Sergeant Raddle would say, it is eyes right now with her. She fed this old sea dog with tobacco and good Holland gin, and kept him clean; and, in return, the old vagabond tempted me to sea. So the last of the house of Treacle is now in exile, wasting his sweetness on the desert air. Sir, sir, it is too painful;" and the purser's clerk began to weep sadly.

"Lord, Treacle, don't die!" said Tom, "or the devil will mix up the last of the Treacles with the last of his brimstone. You would be useful then, my lad, especially in the Glasgow ships."

This was too much for Treacle, the eyes of whom flashed as much as they could. He said:

"I wish I dared to figh ; but I cannot."

"Truck, I shall leave you and go ahead. Mr. Belford, if I see game, you may rely on me."

And Tim left in utter disgust.

"Tom," said Belford, "have you kept a good look-out?"

"Yes, your honor, and not overhauled one petticoat. You must have made a mistake in your reckoning."

Just then Tim was heard, crying out, "Lord! O Lord! mercy!" and he rushed up to the two sailors, throwing himself on his knees. "A tiger! sir! sir! a wild cat! a lion! Ah, such eyes!"

"Why the devil, if you be such a sportsman, did you not shoot?" said Truck.

But the long, shrill scream of a woman was heard amid the foliage, and Belford at once recognized the voice as Isabinda's; for it was she he had come to seek, and at once he rushed from the party.

Truck would have followed him, but Treacle seized hold of him, and said:

"Would you violate your promises to my sainted mother?"

"Blast your sainted mother!" said Truck; "let me go, for I want to see the game you are afraid to look at." And Tim Treacle was left alone.

"Ah, Lord! Lord!" said Treacle, "I shall die;" and he threw himself on the ground at the report of a shot in the brushwood, while Truck, rushing in with the old negro Domingo we have before spoken of, had nearly stumbled over him.

Truck gave the prostrate purser's clerk a hearty kick, and starting him up, said:

"You beggarly swab you, take care of this big Ingee-rubber bottle of the best Japan;" and at the same time he threw the negro on the ground.

Tim Treacle had been half the time in amazement, and finally awoke with the cry.

"Dear! dear! it is the devil!"

"Yes, Señor!" said Domingo, "the devil is always white. That is the devil."

Nothing more conclusively demonstrates the low condition of the *Guajiros* or peasants, and the negroes of Cuba at that day, than the fact that all the crowd started away in the most ludicrous terror, fully satisfied that all Englishmen were devils. This was an idea carefully

inculcated by the government, and a very sufficient reason why in Cuba the English have never been able to make any permanent encroachment.

We stood amazed; and after a lapse of time, Captain Falkner, whom we have seen before at the Inn of Saint Jago, entered, bearing Isabinda in his arms, followed by Belford and Truck, who dragged Domingo by the collar.

"Just in time, by Heaven!" said Falkner.

"Captain," said Belford, "had you not been just there, she must have died. Gad! how beautiful!"

"Belford, take her yourself. If I look longer on her, I may become your rival."

"Captain," said Belford, respectfully, "did duty bring you to this mountain?"

"Bah! Belford, ask no questions. Look after the girl. There is about all this a secret of blood, which——ask no questions. You will know more when the bowl is slung and the toast "Home" goes around the board. Till then, the Wizard of the Wave must use his power on land, and by incantations raise desolating storms and wonder-working transmutations. Belford! Belford! even now you seem to think me some Friar Tuck or Merlin, able by a magic word to change all the fate of creation."

The Spanish lady appeared to recover her consciousness, and Falkner and Domingo, in obedience to one of those instincts unaccounted for, left Belford and herself alone.

The young lieutenant, who possessed all the peculiarities of his native land, hung over the beautiful, dark-eyed Spanish maid; and while he nursed and attended her, uttered something not unlike this:

"Strange are his words: ha! she revives. Gad! how beautiful she is! Heavens! I saw her at the governor's!"

The Spanish girl revived, and said: "The panther! where, where is it? Its eyes were fixed on me! I had just left my father."

"Who is your father?"

Domingo stepped up, and said: "Her mother's husband!"

Truck thought it the height of impudence for a black man to speak; he had been on the Jamaica station; and said: "Father and mother you know nothing of either, for you were made of charcoal and a grease-spot."

"Lady, let me conduct you home."

The lady bowed assent, and had already half arisen, when old Domingo started up, and said:

“ No, I will not ! Let me take my mistress home ; for my master would be offended if an Englishman spoke to her.

“ True ! true ! ” said Isabinda ; “ yet he will not be angry if I thank you for having saved my life. Adios, sir, and believe no stories against your nation can ever prevent my gratefulness, to one to whom I owe so much.”

She hurried away with old Domingo, and Tom Truck looked after her with amazement.

“ Phew ! ” said he, “ is not that fine ? a bumboat sailing consort with a spanking frigate ! Bah ! your honor, you had grappled and hitched her, yet suffered her to sheer off. Lord ! Lord ! old Rodney did not do so.”

What Tom Truck said was utterly unnoticed, for Belford continued to stand alone, and moodily talked as if to himself. He said :

“ There never was anything so beautiful. You are right, Tom Truck, I was wrong to lose the chase. Come on, and at least I will find her port.”

“ Ah ! ” said Truck, “ that is the best thing that can be done now ; but a stern chase is a long chase. May I go down in a waterlogged ship, if it be not a shame for a sailor to lose sight of such a pretty prize ! I never do such things ; for though they say I do not like women, I grapple everything that wears a petticoat—white, black, or brown ! ”

The lieutenant had already gone, and the coxwain followed him

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE GROTTO.

WE had lost sight of the purser’s clerk just before the lieutenant met Isabinda, and meet him again, as old Truck would say, in strange latitudes. After he had been, so to say, driven away, he had rushed blindly into the undergrowth ; and after the lapse of a brief time, found himself at the entrance of one of those caverns which are so common in all those countries, the formation of which is what geologists call secondary.

When Treacle came to the entrance of the cave, with the peculiarity of all small minds, he could but exclaim :

“ What an odd place, to be sure ?—a kind of underground dining-room. Who would have fancied I could get into such a very agreeable

place? It is quite a discovery, I declare. Lord! it is pleasant, for from the outside I can see the town. Somebody comes. Who can it be? May be the wild savage that lives here. Here they come! Whither shall I go?"

The sound of footsteps continued to increase, and Tim Treacle fell on his knees just in time to avoid being seen by the stranger, with black cloak and hat, we have already known at the inn of Donna Capella.

The stranger passed hastily in, and said, as if he talked to himself: "Even now she is here on the hill, and in this cage I must hide her, which will enable me to carry her on board."

He drew from a recess a small table and sat down, continuing his meditations, and said:

"Little do the English think, from this high nook I have watched their every movement, since first they anchored on these shores."

The stranger opened a chest, and took from it a parchment, which he placed on the ground.

"Aha!" said he, "naught like eating and drinking cures sorrow. All ready! By this time, she must have crossed the bridge, and Domingo dare not resist. If he does, he dies. Now Donna Isabinda, the most faithful of your slaves awaits you."

The stranger left the cavern. Tim looked on, and though what his countrymen call timersome, he was no coward; he said, as he arose:

"Well, more wonders! I wonder if it be bona-fide wine. I am so hungry—and so very dry"—(between his expression of hunger and thirst, satisfying at least the last of these two necessities of nature.) "Hark," said he; "I hear footsteps; may be it was poison—no, it was not, no! no! it tastes too good. But may be no one knows what anybody meets in these strange lands. Lord! I am so thirsty! Lord! I am off! I am off!"

He rushed to the door; but, at the very outlet, met Truck, who advanced, shouting, in his merry, cheerful, voice:

"Yo ho! your honor! here is a port."

"Oh, dear!" said Treacle, who did not recognize the new comer, "here he is!" and the poor devil at once rushed into an excavation as he did so, muttering to himself.

"Lord! here is every accommodation, even graves ready made."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when Belford, accompanied by Truck, entered the cavern and looked around them. The scene was a strange one; for no architect had more delicately balanced a dome, than the great master-builder, Nature, had this tropical cave.

"Lord bla's your honor! it's beautiful, and Nature has fixed up supper fit for the Lord High-Admiral," said Truck, as he pointed to the bottles which stood on the table.

Tim Treacle showed his head, and in a fearful voice, said:

"Master coxswain, are you sure it is wine?"

Old Truck was a sailor who had sailed around the world, and nothing on earth could amaze him; and the sound of Treacle's voice recalled too vivid recollections of the purser's store-room, ever to be forgotten. So he at once exclaimed:

"Hallo, you mole! what is the next rarity? Come, Mr. mole, show your bearings."

"Oh, Mr. Truck, are you sure it is wine? Lord! I thought it was poison."

Truck paid no attention to Treacle, but looked carefully around him; at last he saw the roll which the unknown stranger had opened, and taking it up, unfolded it.

"What have we here?" said he.

"Ah! he called it 'the code,' I think. But, Mr. Truck, do you think that is wine?"

"By the Lord! it is a code of signals, and the flags are not British," said Belford, who had taken the roll from Truck.

Treacle was in the greatest terror, but seeing how calm the lieutenant and coxswain were, sought to repress his terror, and said to Belford:

"Please, your honor, are there no gold mines in these hills?"

"Ah!" said Belford, yet lost in thought; "the returns of the mines have recently been much diminished. Robbery has been suspected, and Captain Falkner has doubtless been sent hither to detect it. By this chart, it will be easy to communicate with the unknown schooner."

"Ah!" said Tim; "the government will be liberal in rewarding the discovery of these proofs, and I will doubtless touch something very handsome."

Truck seemed indignant at the idea of a purser's clerk claiming reward or prize-money, and shrieked out:

"You impudent, young grampus——"

He would have continued his harangue to an indefinite length, but that the shrill cry of a woman was heard, apparently immediately above them.

"Come, Truck," said the lieutenant, "follow me."

"Aye, aye, your honor! Bless my eyes! warn't that a squall; Follow you, weazel, and be d---d to you!"

"Will I? I'll get under hatches till the squall is over, for the government will never sufficiently reward the risk we run;" and Treacle retired into the hole, whence he emerged when the sailors entered.

Scarcely had he done so, than the unknown stranger entered the cave, wearing a black mask over his face, and bearing Isabinda in his arms. He placed her on a chair, and after a brief pause, for Isabinda was no fragilely-formed being, said :

"I heard men's voices on the other side of the rock: they however saw me not. She revives—oh! if her swoon would last until the coast is clear. Hark! let me listen."

He stood in breathless attention, and after a moment, said :

"Well, all is right."

Isabinda had revived, and looking around her, said wildly :

"Where am I? What strange face is this? Do I dream? Whom do I see? Oh, you will not harm me? Let me leave this place!"

The poor girl started to go; but the stranger interposed himself between her and the outlet, and said :

"You are right. I will not harm you; but you must not as yet leave this place."

"Heaven!" said the poor girl, "what mean you?"

"That henceforth and forever the chain that unites us is indissoluble. The most tender love, riches and power shall be yours; but all friends are lost to you; for mine and only mine you must be from this hour."

Isabinda uttered a cry of terror, and called wildly on her father and on Domingo, making the cavern ring again.

"Be silent," said the stranger, "if you would live;" and he advanced towards her.

"Domingo! father! save me!"

"Be silent, or you die."

He seized her by the arm, when the lieutenant and coxswain rushed in; the latter with a single blow felling the stranger to the ground, while Belford took charge of Isabinda, and Truck, in his peculiar style, said :

"Well, my fine fellow, that is what I call a dead luff in the wind's eye. Come, my picaroon, off with your velvet face!"

The old coxswain pulled off the mask, and when he had done so, started back in surprise. "Whew! your honor," said he to the lieutenant, "here is a sad affair, indeed! Why, it is Captain Falkner!"

"Captain Falkner!" said Belford.

"Just as sure as my name is Tom Truck. I saw him with this very dress on at Donna Capella's."

"Is he dead?" said Isabinda.

Belford looked amazed, but shouted out to Truck, "Quick, bring water! try to revive him! Take this lady to some place of safety, and hurry back. Come, lady, fate has made me your champion, and I will not fail you."

He took the lady, who was almost overcome, from the cavern, and left Truck alone, as he thought.

The old sailor soliloquized :

"What on earth can I do? Wine will not put life into a dead man. A precious stormy watch, I've got this spell! The lieutenant will be tried and shot for murdering his captain, and Tom Truck hung as a necessary or accessory. Who the devil ever thought the captain such a creature for the petticoats?"

Truck made the sage remark, however, that "sorrow is dry," filled up a bumper and swallowed it. He was about to repeat the operation, when he was suddenly interrupted. Weevil, who, it will be remembered, we have previously seen with the officers of the "Wizard of the Wave" at Donna Capella's, rushed in, followed by a portion of the crew of the unknown schooner.

"Seize him!" said Weevil.

Truck was no easy man to be seized, even by six antagonists; but, after a severe contest, was overpowered. He began to remonstrate, but Weevil at once exclaimed :

"Stop that talking tackle!"

The words were no sooner spoken, than a gag was placed in the coxswain's mouth.

"Come," said Weevil, "throw the murderer of our captain over the cliff. Up with him; not a word. You need not shake your head, my fine fellow, for one or two minutes will settle all your troubles."

Three of the pirates bore Truck away, and the rest followed, with the body of the mysterious stranger.

Truck continued to resist as well as he could, and when the coast was clear, Tim Treacle peeped out.

"I must change my quarters," said he, "or I may have to follow Truck over the cliff. I wish I was aboard. It is getting dark. Lord! if they see me! Every hair of my head stands out like a capstan-bar. Well, all is still. Lord! O, Lord!"

And Tim disappeared from the cavern, in which in a short time had been enacted the material of at least three melodramas

## CHAPTER IV

## A BALL.

A ~~W~~ALL on ship-board ! Few but those who live in great sea-ports frequently visited by national vessels, are aware what this means. If they picture to themselves a brilliant hall, hung with curtains, festooned with drapery, and filled with perfume, they are mistaken, and will read a description of a more picturesque and far different scene.

The flush deck is cleared ; all is removed except the battery, and instead of golden torches, battle-lanterns—the usual lustres of the deadly cockpit—are hung. Stars of cutlasses and bayonets reflect the light, and every flag that floats on the sea, hangs in folds above. It is not unlikely that a summer moon, surrounded by myriads of stars, lends its mellowing tints to the scene, and that perfumes of the flowers of some gentle land are wafted to the vessel's side.

Such was the scene on the deck of the Wizard of the Wave, not long after the most perilous adventures we have described on the heights of Santiago. The deck was filled with the dark-eyed dames of the island, mingled with whom were Spanish gentlemen, and here and there the blue and gold of the British navy. The band was on the quarter-deck, and the ship's crew, in white jackets and trousers, were in view. The marines, in their scarlet jackets, were drawn up in order, and the dance was merrily proceeding. Gay couples twined the luxurious waltz, and here and there, behind the cover of some sail, a couple might be indulging in the luxury of a quiet flirtation.

The dance at length ceased, and Falkner, with several of his officers, detached themselves from the crowd ; and though Manly the other lieutenant, and Hearton the master, were visible in their rich uniforms, Belford was not seen.

“ Well, gentlemen,” said the captain, “ the ship looks well, and the fair ones of Santiago could not resist the temptation of a ball. I hope, gentlemen, you will not permit any of them to doubt our mortality.”

The officers laughed, and were about dispersing again, when Manly said :

“ The governor has not yet come.”

“ No ; I wait but to receive him, and then I must go ashore. Where, though, is Belford ? Who has seen him ? ”

"None have seen him," said Manly. "I trust nothing has befallen him."

"Was not my coxswain with him?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir, and Tim, the purser's clerk. They went on a murderous expedition against the birds. Tim says he is a great sportsman. When he shuts his eyes——"

"Come, gentlemen; to the ladies!—each to his part, away! It may be Belford has made some discovery, and I must be on the watch, lest, in the turmoil of the night, they elude me. If the governor were on board, I could elude them."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, than the voice of the watch was heard, crying out:

"Boat alongside!"

It landed, and from it came Donna Capella and others, among whom was a person in a most conspicuous dress. The new comers did not, however, at all interfere with the festivity, and a new dance was at once formed, almost all the officers taking their places with the Spanish belles.

Before, however, the music had begun, the watch again reported, "Boat alongside!" and the reply to the challenge was:

"*El gobernador!*"

Scarcely had the words been heard, than the drums beat to quarters, the trumpets sounded, and the deep-mouthing guns paid their homage. The person we have already mentioned as having come on board with Donna Capella, advanced, and hurried after Captain Falkner, as if to receive the governor.

Don Jose de Sandobal came on board, with his daughter and Dianez, and advanced at once to the captain, the hand of whom he shook. Falkner bowed kindly, and immediately afterwards the person in the gorgeous dress took the governor's arm, and with Isabinda was lost amid the crowd.

Manly, who was a bluff old lieutenant, afraid of nothing, advanced to his captain and said, firmly but respectfully:

"Captain, who is that gentleman with the governor?"

"We shall know when he takes off his mask," was the reply.

"Yes, sir; but he has been examining you most pointedly."

"Ah! Manly, he is welcome. Send Hearton to me."

At this moment Isabinda, the governor, and the richly-dressed person we have spoken of, entered the cabin. Falkner, without pausing, said:

"Mr Manly, I am going ashore. Not a word of my absence! When Belford comes, give him this."

And he placed a bundle of papers in the lieutenant's hand.

"Is my gig ready?"

Manly looked over the side, and seeing all prepared, said :

"All ready, sir."

Falkner at once advanced towards the gangway; but before he had commenced to ascend, Tim Treacle rushed on board, and exclaimed, as he saw Falkner :

"A ghost! a Fetch! the captain! the devil!"

The poor lad, in his terror, rushed down the gangway. This apparition, however, did not surprise Falkner, who quietly shook hands with Manly, and went over the gangway.

Manly stood amazed, and said, "All this is very strange. I do not understand; but on with the dance."

The dance was resumed, and all went merry as a marriage bell. After a few moments, the governor and Isabinda, accompanied by the stranger, came up from the cabin, the stranger yet wearing his cloak over the lower part of his body, but uncovering his head and shoulder.

A boat was heard alongside, and several officers advanced to the gangway to welcome the new comer. Belford sprang upon deck, and at once received the papers which the captain had left for him. He read them carefully, and approached the governor, by the side of whom Isabinda stood.

He too seemed to partake of the general surprise, and when he saw her, said :

"Is it possible! the daughter of the governor!" He advanced towards her, and was about to speak, when the Unknown advanced and removed his mask.

When he saw his face, the young lieutenant, though used to many a scene of danger, started back in terror, and exclaimed :

"Good God! he alive! It is either an illusion, or he is the devil."

The young man seemed completely overcome, and staggered until almost fainting, into the master's arms. He exclaimed :

"It is the captain, yet only a few moments ago I saw him dead. I shall go mad!"

The scene we have described put an end to the dance. All rushed from the ship, and in a moment or two the ship's crew alone remained.

All this may have seemed most mysterious to the lookers on, but to us, who have followed the intricacies of the web of the story we have been weaving, the matter will not seem obscure; for such things have more than once happened since the days of Perkin Warbeck—Nature

sometimes loving to disport herself by strange similitudes, as she frequently does by contrasts. A deadly game was being played by the stranger, who, either by some deep-felt sympathy or antipathy, was arrayed with the captain of the Wizard of the Wave.

Time will, however, explain all the mystery.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing will more truly describe the characters of Truck and Lieutenant Belford, who often will figure in this narrative, than the following story, which had passed between the two during one of their long midnight watches. After a chat for some minutes—

“I say, lieutenant,” said Truck, “What on earth is the reason that women have such a passion for sailors? Bless your soul, sir, the landsmen have no chance when the blue jackets are about!”

“So it seems,” said Belford, “and sailors have strange fates with women. I could tell you a story to prove it.”

“Bide a bit, sir, till I strike the bell.”

The old coxswain returned, and said :

“Heave ahead, lieutenant, and spin your yarn. I will listen as if the admiral had the trumpet.

#### THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

HENRY STEERWELL was as brave a seaman as ever handled a marlin spike, or mounted a maintopmast; ever kind and open-hearted, no man was more respected throughout his Majesty's fleet. His messmates would have laid down their lives for him; his superior officers esteemed him as an equal, and the <sup>17</sup> female sex, having once seen him, were ready to give their hearts into his custody. But, although Harry loved a petticoat as dearly as he did his ship, he had not yet seen a female with whom he could fancy entering upon the sometimes rough voyage of matrimony.

Harry Steerwell, at the time my story commences, was chief mate on board a vessel bound for the Baltic seas, and which, stopping at Carlsrooom, he became acquainted with an old blind man, of some property, and who had an only daughter, more lovely than imagination can form an idea of. Harry thought her one of the trimmest-built craft he had ever clapped his two eyes upon, and, for the first time, he felt a sensation creeping around his heart that he could not but interpret into love.

If Harry could judge by the smile that ever played around the coral lips of Paulinia and the modest blushes which ever suffused her cheeks

in his presence, he might guess that she viewed him with anything but indifference ; and, at last, emboldened by his hopes, and the friendship her father ever evinced towards him, he resolved at once to confess to her the real state of his mind, and to sue for a return of that passion he so sincerely entertained towards her. Harry was not long in putting this determination into effect—the maiden was delighted by hearing an acknowledgment of a reciprocal attachment—and the lovers had nothing left to do, but to throw themselves at the feet of Paulinia's father, and solicit his consent to their nuptials, which they felt convinced he would not withhold from them. In this hope they were not disappointed ; the old man heard them with pleasure, and readily gave his sanction to their union.

In the course of a few weeks after this, Harry became the husband of Paulinia, and their bliss was unbounded. But soon the ardor of their joy was damped, when the time drew near for the vessel to which our hero belonged to return to England. The bride of Harry was anxious to accompany him, for her mind could not endure, with any degree of patience, the thought of a separation from him whom her very soul adored ; but, much as he adored his wife, he could not think of exposing her to the perils of the ocean, especially as she was now *enciente* ; he therefore endeavored to calm her feelings, telling her he would return to England with the vessel, obtain his discharge, come back to her, and never be parted from her more. His persuasions and the counsel of her father, at length tranquillized her spirits, and she yielded her consent to the proposals of her husband.

And now the day of separation arrived ; it was one of the most affectionate that can be conceived. For a few minutes they hung around each other's neck, unable to utter a syllable, such was the violence of their grief ; but at last Paulinia, recovering herself, impressed a last fond ardent kiss upon the lips of Harry, and impressively addressing him, said :

“ My dear husband, you are going into foreign climes, where temptation may cross your path. I do not suspect your faith, Harry, but still it is a womanish weakness that I cannot entirely divest myself of. Swear then, dear Harry, and I will do the same, that in whatever country you may be, or whatever time or distance, you will never forget your poor Paulinia, but *bring her back this parting kiss as pure as you now receive it.*”

Impressed with the seriousness of her manner, Harry knelt, and raising his hands and eyes towards Heaven, took the oath she required of him. Paulinia seemed satisfied ; her countenance was once more

enlightened by the smile of composure, and, straining her husband ~~for~~ the last time passionately to her bosom, she uttered one more "farewell," and rushed back to the home of her father, while Harry was soon afterwards sailing over the Baltic billows.

In the course of a few months Paulinia brought into the world a beauteous boy, the very resemblance of his father, and, as she gazed upon the smiling innocent with fond transport, she pictured to herself the delight which her dear Harry would experience when he beheld the cherub countenance of his boy. Oh, how anxiously did she look forward to the time when she expected her husband to return! and even weeks before the time appointed had expired, she rambled to the beach, and strained her lovely eyes by gazing upon the ocean, in the hopes of seeing the vessel in which she expected her husband to return. But, alas! the time arrived; it passed; months followed, and still Harry returned not; what could be the reason? He was not drowned?" Oh, no; she could not, dared not encourage such a dreadful idea.

"Ah, no!" she would exclaim, in the words of the poet:

"I know there's a Providence sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

But then, as she divested herself of these melancholy ideas, others equally fearful beset her brain. Had Harry been false to her? Had he forgotten his vows, and plighted his vows to another? These ideas however, she could not long entertain, and she reproached herself for thus suspecting the fidelity of her beloved husband. But when years flew away, and she obtained no intelligence of him, then indeed did Paulinia begin to think that he had deserted her and her child.

Five years were now elapsed since they had separated, and notwithstanding Paulinia and her father had made every possible inquiry, they were unable to obtain any tidings of Harry. Paulinia, unable any longer to endure this state of suspense and uncertainty, determined to depart to seek, by every means in her power, to ascertain the reason of Harry's prolonged absence. This resolution she put into execution as soon as a vessel bound for England stopped at Carlsrooom; and, after a pleasant voyage, the Bride of the Baltic and her little boy arrived safe at Queenborough.

In the meantime, the sufferings of poor Harry had been of the most vexatious nature. When the vessel in which he had sailed had reached England, and he and the rest of the crew were about to go ashore, they were all pressed (it being in the time of war), and our hero, with a few

of his messmates, was sent on board the *Insolent*, one of the most noble vessels in his Majesty's navy.

The reader may well conceive what his feelings were on this occasion ; a thousand times he cursed his fate, and then, when he thought of his poor Paulinia, the misery she would endure at his mysterious and unaccountable absence, and the probability there was that they might never meet again, his mind was distracted. Time, however somewhat appeased his grief, and the novelty of the scenes he mingled in drew his attention partially from his affliction.

"In toil and battle five long years  
He did a seaman's duty,"

and was esteemed one of the bravest sailors in the ship. At length the ship returned to England, and what was our hero's delight to learn that, on her next voyage, she would drop the Baltic Ocean ? He therefore resolved to purchase his discharge, and return to his dear Paulinia, never more to be separated from her in this world.

It was a merry night at the "Fire-ship," kept by old Ben Blaze, formerly a man o'-war's-man, when the *Insolent* was about to set sail from Queenborough for the Baltic billows ; at least it was so for Harry Steerwell, for he anticipated the joy of his restoration to the arms of Paulinia—and he anticipated the pleasure he should experience at beholding, perhaps, a son to do honor to his name and increase his happiness.

"Splice my maintop-sail," he exclaimed, "if I wouldn't make the boy a rear-admiral!"

After taking a parting glass of grog with his old friend, Ben Blaze, Harry and his messmates prepared to go on board, for already had the signal-gun been fired for them to hasten to the vessel. The seamen, with heavy hearts, kissed the tear-bedewed cheeks of their pretty sweethearts, and vowed to cherish them in their memories with unabated affection during their perilous voyage, and all had departed on board save Harry, at the same time the *Tally-Ho* coach was about to start for London.

At the moment Harry was in the act of stepping into the boat to go to the vessel, his eyes rested on the neat little figure of a boy who was about to hasten to the coach. There was something in the face of this child, who seemed to be about four years of age, that particularly interested Harry ; the features seemed familiar to him ; and as he gazed upon them, his heart swelled, and he could not help stopping and imprinting a kiss upon his rosy checks. The boy appeared very well pleased with this attention, and smiling archly, he said :

"Oh, how I do love a sailor."

"Do you, my little king?" exclaimed the delighted Harry; "bless his little heart!—now I shouldn't wonder but I may have a son about his age at home. Lor'! Lor'! what a happy fellow I should be, to be sure, if that was the case! If I wouldn't make him an admiral, shiver my timbers. So you love a sailor, do you, my little man? And who told you to love him?"

"Why," answered the child, "mamma always told me to love one as dearly as my life, for she said my father was a sailor, and you know I must love my father."

"What a sweet little prattler," said Harry; "oh, what a pleasure it must be to have such a child as this! Let me see if I haven't got a present for you, my little man. Here, here is a silver whistle for you, and when you look upon it, do not forget the poor tar who gave it you."

"Oh, no, that I won't," cried the boy, gazing with delight upon the gift.

"Bless you, bless you, my little man!" ejaculated Harry, once more kissing the child, and not being able to stay any longer, he stepped into the boat that rowed to the vessel, while the child skipped lightly into the coach to his mother, which started almost immediately for London.

What transport would have filled the bosom of poor Harry, had he known that this "sweet little prattler," as he termed him, was his own son. But such was nevertheless the case; and, in the very coach that started to London, at the moment the boat was rowed from shore, containing our hero was seated his beauteous wife, Paulinia. Alas! how would his mind have been disturbed, had he known the danger to which she was at that moment exposed!

By a most remarkable circumstance, it so happened that, on the very day on which the *Insolent* set sail for the Baltic seas, Paulinia, with her child, had arrived at the *Fire-ship* inn, to await a coach to convey them to London. Thither had the distracted Paulinia determined to go in search of that husband whom she now apprehended had deserted her, and, as a last resource, had resolved to apply to the Admiralty Office, to ascertain, if possible, whether Harry was still in existence.

It appeared that at the time Mrs. Steerwell arrived at the inn, an old gentleman, in a gray wig, with rather an unprepossessing countenance, and clad in a suit of rusty black, was standing in the yard, and saw her enter. This individual was one Lawyer Twister, who being, as

he deserved, unsuccessful in his own profession (for he was an infamous old pettifogger), had become the villainous tool of a certain Lord Restless, a libertine and *debauchee*. This guilty nobleman employed Twister to entrap the unwary country maiden to satiate his sinful desires, and in fact he could not have selected a more able myrmidon.

The moment Twister cast his eyes upon Paulinia, he was struck with her extraordinary beauty, and he beheld in her a woman that his lordship would be enraptured to get within his power. He resolved to gain possession of her, and with that design he insinuated himself into her company, and finding that she was a foreigner, he, by the most artful means, gathered from her an account of the errand she was going upon. This was a fortunate circumstance for the villain Twister, and he determined to take advantage of it. He therefore informed her that he was going to London, and, as it was extremey dangerous for a young female of her character to travel unprotected, if it was agreeable, he would accompany her in the same coach. He also informed her that he had a friend in town, who was connected with the Admiralty Office, and who would be enabled to give her every information respecting the mysterious absence of her husband.

Paulinia, who had no suspicion of the real character of Twister, and believing him to be a gentleman and a man of honor, thanked him politely for his offers, and with becoming modesty accepted them. By a strange fatality she stepped into the Tally Ho, to go to London, at the very moment the husband she was so anxious to see was rowed off to that vessel which was to bear him to the home she had left.

It happened on board the same ship with Harry was one Lieutenant Carr, whose tyrannical manners had rendered him hateful to all the crew, and there was not a man among them but would willingly have consigned him to the sharks. Just after the vessel had quitted Queenborough, Lieutenant Carr dropped a pocket-book upon deck, which contained documents to him of the greatest consequence. One of the sailors who picked it up, knowing whose it was, was incited from motives of revenge to destroy it. Harry, who was upon the deck at the time, remonstrated strongly against this proceeding, but the fellow, deaf to his expostulations, threw the pocket-book overboard. Harry, with the most generous heroism, immediately plunged over the side of the vessel, and caught it ere it sunk, and was hauled once more upon deck, just as the captain came up, and demanded the cause of the noise. Harry briefly informed him, and placed the pocket-book in his hands. At that instant Lieutenant Carr returned to the deck, in a state of distraction at his loss, which he asserted would ruin him. Observing

a smile upon Harry's countenance, he immediately conjectured that he was exulting in his misfortune, and in a moment accused him of having stolen it. The honest tar spurned the accusation with becoming indignation, which so enraged the lieutenant, that he would have struck him had not the captain interposed.

"Hold, sir, I command you, on pain of my displeasure," he said: "would you strike one of the best of fellows that ever trod a plank? You dropped your pocket-book upon deck."

"Ah!" eagerly ejaculated the lieutenant, "has it been found?"

"One of the crew," continued the captain, "threw the pocket-book overboard."

"Then I am ruined for ever," said the lieutenant, in despair.

"Hear me out, sir," resumed the captain; "your pocket-book would have been lost had it not been for the heroic conduct of another of the crew, who, at the imminent hazard of his own life, plunged in after it, and snatched it from the waves. It is here, sir."

"Heaven be praised," ejaculated the lieutenant, "I am saved from worse than death. But oh, captain, tell me to whom I am indebted? Who is this generous man?"

"Behold him before you," answered the captain, pointing to Harry; "the man whom you so hastily injured by doubting his honesty."

Shame filled the bosom of the lieutenant, and prevented him from speaking for a few minutes; but gratitude at length found vent in the following words to Harry:

"Generous, noble fellow; oh, tell me, how can I ever repay you for the injury I have offered to you. Here are my hands; one contains a purse, the other the offer of my dearest friendship—take them—they are both yours, and grant me your pardon for my rash assertions."

"Oh, your honor," said Harry, snatching the empty hand of the officer, and gently spurning the one which contained the gold, "this kindness more than repays me for the service I have been so fortunate as to render. Freely do I accept this, but offer me not the other, for I should feel myself to be unworthy the name of a British seaman if I accepted it."

Harry fervently pressed the hand of the lieutenant to his heart, and every one on deck could not but express their unqualified admiration of the noble conduct he had evinced. From that day the lieutenant became an altered man; he had been taught a salutary lesson; he profited by it, and soon became as much esteemed as he had been before hated and despised.

Just after this occurrence, a letter was put into Harry's hand, which, on opening it, he found to be from his old friend, Ben Blaze. Judge his feelings, on reading the contents, to learn that his beloved Paulinia had been at the inn at the same time that he was, and that she had, with her son, departed for London at the very time when he entered the boat to go to the vessel. Harry was distracted at this letter, but the more so, when he learned that she had been inveigled into the society of Lawyer Twister. Ben regretted that he had not discovered these facts until the coach had started, but he assured Harry that he would immediately go to London, and on finding out his wife, inform her of everything, and frustrate the wicked designs of the lawyer.

The anguish of Harry at the letter was unspeakable; but, after he had in some measure composed his feelings, he uttered a prayer to Heaven for the safety of his wife and child, and was compelled to endeavor to content himself by hoping for happier times; and he was also not without a hope that Paulinia, having been informed by Ben of these facts, would lose no time in returning to Carlsroom, and might even arrive there almost as soon as himself.

Nothing particular happened, the vessel soon stopped at Carlsroom, and with a light and anxious heart, Harry tripped on shore. He had now brought his mind to calm and hope; he could not but think he should find Paulinia and his child here, and he formed the most delightful anticipations of the happiness that awaited him. He soon arrived at the cottage of his father-in-law; it was nearly six years since he had seen it, but it looked the same abode of peace as when he had left it. Harry's heart throbbed violently, and hope, fear, and anxiety predominated by turns in his bosom. At length he determined to knock at the door; but, just as he was about to do so, he beheld two ruffianly-looking fellows, enveloped in cloaks and armed, approaching that way. From their manner, he suspected they were after no good, and, concealing himself behind a tree that grew by the side of the cottage, he resolved to watch their actions. It was not long ere he discovered from the conversation of the villains that they had formed a plan to rob the old man, and he blessed that Providence which had guided his footsteps to the place at so critical a moment.

The fellows having drawn their swords, burst into the cottage door, and entered, and Harry cautiously followed on his hands and knees. On entering the cottage, he beheld his father-in-law seated in his old arm-chair by the side of the table. He did not hear the villains approach him, and Harry succeeded in gaining the back of the chair behind which he concealed himself.

The ~~ruffians~~, with many oaths and threats, demanding the old man's money, rushed upon him with their weapons, which they were about to plunge into his body, when Harry, to their fear and confusion, jumped up from behind the chair, with a pistol in each hand.

Completely dismayed, they took to immediate flight, and our hero revealed himself to his father-in-law. The old man was greatly astonished at the return of Harry, after so long an absence; but to his eager inquiries as to where his wife was, Walkman replied, in reproachful tones, that she had gone to England in search of that husband who had deserted her.

"Deserted her!" repeated Harry, most vehemently, and beating his brow, "oh how you wrong me! What! desert my pretty, my beloved bride; accursed be the thought!"

Harry then explained to the old man the cause of his mysterious absence—the intelligence he had received from Ben Blaze, and added, that having purchased his discharge, he would return immediately to England in the first ship, and never rest until he had found out poor Paulinia and his child, and restored them safe to Walkman, or perish in the attempt.

Our hero was as good as his word, and in less than another week was on his voyage back to England.

We must now return to Paulinia, whom we left in the Tally Ho coach, going to London, in the company of the villain Twister. Unsuspecting as Paulinia was, the lawyer found it no difficult matter to effect the object he wished. By a specious tale he inveigled her to the house of Lord Restless, whom he made acquainted with every particular of her circumstances. His lordship was delighted with the charms of Paulinia, and was determined that she should be his, at all hazards. What was Paulinia's surprise and disgust, then, to find that she was made a prisoner in the mansion of that nobleman; and when her ears were insulted by a declaration of his odious passion, she spurned him, as his baseness merited. But Lord Restless was not to be so easily abashed; and for months he kept her confined in his house, and daily insulted her by his base proposals and importunities. He endeavored to convince her that her husband was no more; offered to become a protector to her boy, and sought to prevail upon her, by a false marriage, to yield to his desires. Finding that the virtue of Paulinia was proof against all his arts, he became impatient, and told her he would only allow her one day more to consider, and if she then remained obstinate, he would use force to make her comply.

The anguish of Paulinia may be easily conceived; her only consolation

was in the society of a female domestic, one Sally Manders, who had formerly lived at the Fire-ship inn, and knew Harry well. She assured Paulinia of the existence of her husband, and informed her of every particular of his having gone to Calscroom in search of her, on the same day that she departed to London, and added, that she felt convinced Harry would lose no time in returning to England, in the hope of regaining her. At the same time, she said she would be most zealous in watching vessels returning; and if she could meet with Harry, she would invent some stratagem by which she might easily be released from the power of the hated Lord Restless, and restored to her long-lost husband.

This assurance somewhat consoled Paulinia; but, when the time drew on apace, and Sally could obtain no information of Harry, despair began to take entire possession of her mind.

It so occurred, on the very day our hero returned to London, that Sally had been on her usual errand, when, on returning back over London bridge, she met the very object of her search. This unexpected meeting was a source of great delight to both; but when Harry heard of the sufferings of his wife, and the danger she was at that time placed in, his bosom swelled with honest indignation, and he vowed that he would instantly repair to Lord Restless, pull his house about his ears, and hang him on the first lamp-post. Sally, however, implored him to calm his feelings, and patiently to act the part she had directed. She then informed him that she had formed a plot to introduce him to the house as her cousin and the messmate of Harry Steerwell, whom he was to represent as dead; and having a number of companions near the spot, while he was keeping his lordship engaged with this tale, she would admit them into the house, when they might secure the villain, and liberate Paulinia and her child from his power.

Harry highly approved of this plot, and he and the delighted Sally instantly departed to put it into execution.

Harry was quickly ushered into the house, and, in the course of a short time, his boy was brought to him by Sally. With what rapture did the honest tar hug his little son to his heart, and press upon his rosy cheeks the kisses of parental love. The little Henry recognized him as the sailor who had formerly presented him with the silver whistle at Queenborough, and showed his father how carefully he had preserved it. Harry almost smothered him with kisses; and, while he was thus engaged, Lord Restless entered the apartment.

As may well be imagined, he was greatly surprised at the appearance of a seaman in his house, and the particular notice he was taking of the

child of Paulinia, and asked him who he was, and what purpose had brought him there.

Harry could scarcely repress his passion, when he beheld before him the villain who had so deeply injured him, and persecuted his lovely wife. His bosom swelled with indignation ; a flush passed over his countenance as he bit his lips, but recollecting himself, he assumed a modest demeanour, and apologizing to his lordship, informed him that he was Sally's cousin, just returned from sea in the *Insolent*.

" Ah !" exclaimed Lord Restless, " the *Insolent*—did you know there one Harry Steerwell ?"

" Know him, your honor," answered the hero, " to be sure I did ; poor fellow ! he's gone aloft."

" How ! what mean you ?" hastily inquired the libertine.

" Why, your honor, he's dead," replied Harry.

" Dead !" repeated Lord Restless, catching eagerly at the welcome words ; " are you certain of that ?"

" Yes, your honor," returned Harry ; " it was my painful duty to see him consigned to his last home."

" Ah ! by Heaven, that is a fortunate circumstance !" ejaculated Lord Restless, aside ; then turning to Harry, and addressing him, he added, " Did you know the late Henry Steerwell's wife ?"

" Ay, to be sure I did, your honor," answered our hero, " and a pretty little craft she was—a finer never ploughed the ocean of life."

" Circumstances," said the libertine, " have placed her beneath my roof, and—but, no matter ; all I wish you to do, is to see her, and make her acquainted with her husband's death, as I wish to provide for her and her child and as a reward for this service, take this purse."

Harry took the purse with a very ill grace, but, to effect his purpose, it was necessary he should act up to the character he had assumed ; Lord Restless shortly afterwards took his leave, and scarcely had he quitted the room, when a piercing shriek rent the air, and the bride of the Baltic was pressed to the bosom of her husband.

We must draw a veil over this affectionate scene, for we are certain that no eloquence could do justice to it ; the little Henry alternately sharing the joyful caresses of his father with his mother. Their emotion having somewhat subsided, a mutual explanation followed, and Paulinia eagerly inquired if he had brought back to her the *"parting kiss as pure as when she gave it?"* With a tender embrace Harry replied in the affirmative, and might have added, in the words of the ballad :

" In toil and battle five long years  
 I did a seaman's duty ;  
 When pleasure called, I closed my ears  
 And turned my eyes from beauty.  
 • The wanton's tale of boasted bliss  
 I heard, but ne'er believed it ;  
 So back I've brought that Parting Kiss,  
 As pure as I received it."

Thus happily explained, they were continuing to converse of past joys, and forming the most blissful anticipations of the future, when Lord Restless entered, and addressing himself to Paulinia, pretended to endeavor to console her for the loss of her husband ; and while he was doing so, Sally took the opportunity of whispering in Harry's ear that his messmates were then in the house, and only waited a signal from him to rush in and seize his lordship.

Harry winked at her significantly, and at that moment Lord Restless requested him to give an account of the manner in which Harry Steerwell had met his death.

" Why, you see, yer honor," said Harry, " my poor messmate was a most venturesome chap. So, one day, he would go ashore among the savages. The chief was a tall man, summut like you, may be yer honor and he was determined to take poor Harry's life ; so he raised his club, when at that moment Harry perceived some of his messmates at hand." All this time Harry was beckoning on his companions, who entered the room unperceived by Lord Restless, and stood behind, ready to pounce upon him.

" Well," continued Harry, " as I was saying, your honor, Harry advanced to the chief as I might do to you, and placing a pistol to his head, as I might do to you, he said :

" You d—d scoundrel ! "

Surprised at the emphasis with which Harry uttered these words, and his actually placing a pistol to his head, he was about to ask for an explanation, when he perceived himself surrounded by about twenty well-armed sailors. The whole was now explained, for Harry rushed to the arms of his wife.

Shame and confusion overwhelmed his lordship ; he threw himself at the feet of Harry and his wife, imploring their forgiveness. Harry, with his usual generosity, acceded to his request ; nor was Lord Restless worse than his word ; he gave them wealth ; and never a happier couple returned to the home from which they had been so cruelly torn, than did honest Harry Steerwell and his beauteous Paulinia, *the Bride of the Baltic*.

" Well, Lieutenant," said Truek, " that aren't so bad ; but blast **my** eyes, if I would have let that devil of a Lord Restless off so cheaply ! He deserved to fall into the hands of a gang of cut-throats and robbers, and be compelled to live in momentary expectation of death for a month or so---the libidinous old scoundrel !"

How long Truck and the Lieutenant might have diverted themselves with narrations like the foregoing none can say, but the sailor's **watch** ~~was over~~, and they returned to duty.

## BOOK II.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE PIRATE SHIP.

THE scene changes, and the reader is transported to the deck of the unknown schooner, which lay beyond the long, low point of land forming the harbor of Santiago. The crew had not the trim, regular air of discipline which characterized that of the "Wizard of the Wave," but yet had the air of strict obedience and of as much good order as could exist among any men who were not restrained by the sanction of positive law. They were clean, neat, and went through their duty with an alacrity which would have done credit to men in regular service. At the time our scene opens, they were busied, under Weevil's direction, in lowering into the hold a number of strongly-clasped boxes, apparently of great weight—while Tom Truck, heavily ironed, sat looking on, with the philosophy which marks the old sailor in all conditions, when he sees himself powerless. Truck seemed as quiet and contented as if he sat on the deck of his own darling Wizard, instead of the Melchor, a piratical schooner; but one who could look into his mind, would see that was anything but the case; for though he said nothing, as he would probably have expressed it himself, he was doing an immensity of thinking.

An old quadroon slave, the name of whom was Nanny, sat sewing on a low stool near the hatchway of the vessel, devoted evidently to her work alone. The name of the vessel to which not only Tom Truck but our readers have been transported, was the Melchor, or the Evil One; and, unless old stories be all false, richly merited the appellation.

The man-of-war's man wears no weapons about his person. In regular vessels, pistols and cutlasses rest quietly in their racks, never to be taken down except to be used, and the dagger is a thing unknown. He who wore such a weapon would be esteemed a coward indeed; but such was not the case with the crew of the Melchor, each of whom ap-

peared to look on his comrade as his bitterest foe. A pistol and danger were in every belt, as if the enemy were momentarily expected.

“ Yo! heave! ho!” sang the sailors on the deck.

“ Yo! ho!” was echoed by those below, as box after box descended.

“ Clear away, ho!” said Weevil; “ be lively! I hate dead game, as the snake said to the buffalo, when he had made a carcase of him. Be lively!”

“ Aye, aye!” replied a voice from below.

Again and again the clues ran up and down; and box after box having descended, Truck took his pipe from his mouth, and said, after singing a bar or two of a nautical refrain:

“ You seem, Master Weevil, to have some heavy ballast there.”

“ Aha! you have logged my name! Why, yes, Master Coxwain, you see we have to clap a pig or two of ballast on light-heeled craft, just to steady them. You see, we had to do as much for you. They then mind their helm better.”

As the rascal spoke, he pointed significantly to Truck’s irons.

“ Ah!” said Truck, “ you *are* cute; and I take it your mother was a woman. I will, however, say this, that your vessel is a credit to her build, and her keepers are no fresh water jacks, but regular salt dogs. Bless my eyes! she is clean as a woman at a fair.”

The old quadroon had been for some time watching the boxes descend, and finally spoke:

“ Weevil,” said she, “ tell me if more gold is coming on board?”

“ Hush, I tell you!” said Weevil.

Nanny spoke in a half whisper, and said:

“ I will not! Enough has come on board to buy a kingdom—and it is his—all his.”

“ Hold your tongue, I tell you, for there will be enough for all.”

“ I tell you, Weevil, it shall be his, only his. The oath binds me, but it shall be his, for he has been kind to old Nanny. We would give all, all to know; yet I dare not tell him.”

“ Ah!” said Truck, “ Mr. Belford was not far wrong, and they have been robbing the mines. Master Weevil, now be civil, and just cut a brother tar loose from these lashings, for they are not so comfortable as a silk stocking, for a gentleman at my time of life. D——n it, man, I never could bear the bilboes.

“ ‘There she lay, all that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay-o.’ ”

For a sailor will sing even during an amputation.

“ Shipmate,” said Weevil, “ do you remember what was said to you?”

"What!" said Truck, stopping his song. "Do I remember? How the devil am I to forget? No, I won't; I do not like the service."

"When once you put foot on this deck, you must either join us or feed the fishes."

"What?" said Truck, "do you think I am such a fool as to walk overboard? My eyes! I believe you are a set of d---d pirates!"

The old quadroon, who had for sometime uttered not a word, screamed in agony, and like a Python full of inspiration, exclaimed:

"Pirates! whoever talked of the black flag? I have seen him nail it to his mast-head, and whoever tore it down? Walk the plank! I have seen it done by the timid and the brave oft and oft—by the blue-eyed American—by the dark-haired Spaniard—by the Portuguese—he who tried to burn his ship. Do you remember, Weevil, who fired that pistol and shot him, as he knelt and prayed to Almighty God?"

Weevil alternately flushed and became pale. He exclaimed, at last:

"Stop that old devil mother's chronicle of blood! I wonder she has never been shipped as an old croaker for the shark's maw below them."

"No, no, no!" said the old woman; "he hopes, before the old nurse dies, that she will break her oath, and tell him who he is—well, they made me guilty—ha, ha! the gold, the gold, all *his*!"—and the old woman continued to mutter on, moodily, to herself.

Weevil said to the watch, "Keep a sharp look out, lads, for I expect visitors aboard. Harkee, reship that fellow's ground tackle, for time is up, and I would not like the skipper to find him here."

They released Truck, who continued to smoke calmly as usual, and said:

"What are you going to do with me, you lascar-looking black-guards?"

"A very few minutes," said Weevil, "will decide that. Will you join us?"

"What, fight with such a Peter-boat robbing crew! What, disgrace the flag under which I was born, and under which I was educated! Turn mine-robber! No, I'll be d---d if I do!"

"Mine-robber!" exclaimed Weevil, lashed into fury; "rig the plank there, for over he shall go, ballasted as he is."

He was placed over the side of the vessel, and Truck looked on, smoking as quietly as possible.

Weevil said to him, "Once more I ask you if you will join me. I would not care any more for drowning a set of land-lubbers, than I would a parcel of blind kittens. When, though, a man has served his time at sea and learned to know its signs, it is a shame that old Ocean

should be his executioner. It is disgracing the high road he lives by, and tacking a disgrace to the end of one's best friend.

Truck said to him, in a somewhat milder tone: "You have but a queer-looking title-page in that black mug of yours, but there is some logic inside of you. Your speech shows extraordinary edication ! I wish I had you *bound* for my private library !"

"Will you join ?"

"Never!" said Truck, "but I will give you a bit of advice. Just *practice* what you preach, and take the drowning kittens for your test. Remember you have no right to elap the mop on the poor, struggling creatures ; and when a gentleman like me comes on board your bloody craft, leave him a few moments to himself, to have a signal for his soul's salvation, and remember his poor old mother at home, without his being obliged to blubber like a baby before blackguards."

Weevil and the crew retired, and Truck leaned against the mast, while the old quadroon, who had shifted her seat, was immediately behind him. His face he had leaned to the mast, as if to hide his feelings.

"Do not turn," said the old woman ; "do not notice me, but listen : appear to consent to join them."

"If I do, I am d---d," said the bluff coxswain.

"Fool ! you will then deserve death. There may be means—I may enable you to escape."

"You are a kind old mother, but—"

"Do not call me mother ; your speaking of your mother at home made me pity you. I saw one mother when her children were torn from her, and since then I have ever trembled at the word."

Truck paused in thought, and said, inwardly: "Shall I do this. No, 'tis but a plunge, a few moments before my time, in what I always thought would be my grave. Messmates, farewell !—I—mother—hang it, let me be a man ! Hark ye, you shark's fry, I'm ready for my moonlight walk ; but take my word for it, the ghost of Tom Truck will stick to this craft like a barnacle, till every lubber of her crew is hung dangling in the wind, like shirts on a washing day."

Weevil became angry, and shouted, "Away to your fate !"

The crew presented their pistols ; but Truck, nothing intimidated, folded his arms and confronted them.

"Fire away, you devil's imps !" said he ; "but you dare not—you would then have a few honest men around you, before you could cut the cable of your rascally kedge. Pirates ! robbers ! Old Nick will some day seize you all up to his red-hot gratings."

The pirates drew their knives and collected around him, while Truck mounted the board.

Truck continued, "Could I just take you one by one——" He threw his pipe overboard, and said: "There, I have taken my last whiff. I'm ready! Mother, I come! Farewell, blue sky, friends, and life!"

He walked up the board, and when he had reached the gunwale, kicked the board from beneath him, exclaiming:

"Take that, you lubbers, for I can die like a man!"

The stout old sailor sprang overboard; and when he had done so, a cry arose from below, coming from many voices:

"Yo ho, there, schooner!"

The watch answered, "Gig alongside!"

"Gig ho!" said Weevil. "Is it the skipper?"

"A voice was heard to cry, "A prisoner."

"Weevil said, moodily, "More prisoners!—this is strange!"

The boat's crew, dressed neatly in white, ascended the companion-way, passing up before them our old friend Belford, with his arms pinioned and eyes blindfolded. He was under the especial charge of a ferocious-looking fellow, named Wilkins, who will turn out to be the quarter-master of the Melchor.

Wilkins said to Weevil, "The captain gave this gentleman a free passage, and told me to tie and blindfold him. What the devil, though, were you throwing overboard? You came near swamping us, and breaking Kit Cathead's neck; besides, you nearly knocked the fellow's life out of him. Hand up that lubber that fell overboard, some of you."

The old coxswain was hauled up, and Weevil looked at him and said, "So the poor devil is not to be drowned then?"

"Why, for the matter of that," said the quarter-master, "two or three of us wish he were, for his irons played the devil with us. Look to your prisoner, for the captain will soon be here, and with him such a beauty!—his prize. She is the governor's daughter—she is the captain's prize."

Belford, bursting with rage, exclaimed, "Liar!"

Wilkins said, coolly, "Talk on, sir, for it is all you will ever be able to do. Gid ho!"

The captain's reply, "Ay, ay!" was heard.

Wilkins said to some of the crew, as he hurried to the side, "Look to the officer."

Weevil removed the bandage from Belford's eyes, who looked anxiously around, and said:

"Where am I?—on board of the schooner?"

"You are right."

"Do you command her? Why did Capt. Falkner send me on board of her?"

"Captain Falkner?"

"Ay, Capt. Falkner! I thought him almost killed, and the next moment find him on board his own ship, dressed in the most fantastic manner. At a signal, he calls his gig to the ship's side, and sends me on service ashore. Before I have recovered from my wonder, I find myself seized and blindfolded, and, to increase my surprise, am brought hither a prisoner."

Weevil looked strangely at him, and said:

You must be dreaming. "Do you know the nature of the vessel you are on?"

"I can guess, from that poor fellow's state, that you are pirates."

"We are," said Weevil—"throw water on that poor devil; he is stunned."

Belford hastened to Truck, and lifting him up, said: "Not dead—only stunned."

Truck recovered, and said: "My head! my head! Well, drowning makes a fellow's head swim. Lord! Lord! yet here!—your honor, too! Have the blood-suckers got you?"

Belford said, in a musing manner, "There can be no mistake. I struck him down, but I saw him on her deck—the same face, the same gold chain. Alas, I am afraid the man I honored so is a villain!"

Truck said: "A villain? He is the devil! So he sent you on board this murder-tub?"

Weevil bade him be silent—"Peace, fool!"

"I will not; what do I care for you—a d—d salt-water burglar!"

"Schooner ahoy!" was heard from below.

"Boat ho!" answered Weevil.

"The captain!" was the rejoinder.

"The skipper!" said old Tom. "Now I'll ealk his sides and tar his bottom for him, the changing dolphin. He an offeere of the navy!"

"Be silent, Tom." said Belford; "let us aet like men, and not like women."

"Man the gangway!" said Weevil. "Now you will see the commander of this vessel, gentlemen."

Truck was removed some distance, but Belford stood watching all that passed, with the greatest eagerness.

Falkner's voice was heard, saying, "Keep the gig alongside!"

"Ay, ay, your honor."

"By heavens!" said Belford, "'tis himself. Does he disgrace our uniform on a pirate's deck?"

"So, Mr. Belford," said Falkner, "you are welcome to my trim schooner. Weevil is all ready."

"Yes, sir, all is ready; we wait but for your company."

"Ah!" said Falkner, carelessly, "the governor?"

"Ay, ay, sir—while the British are kicking up their heels in a dance."

"We," said the captain, "will ship our cable and stand out. Sir, you and that man will accompany me ashore."

"Who? I?" said Truck; "I would as soon be blown from the mouth of a gun. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Capt. Falkner? I speak with all respect, and be d—d to you!—but don't you blush as red as a soldier's coat, when you think what a d—d scoundrel your honor is? You gold-grubbing pirate! My eyes! who would have thought it?"

"That rough sailor," said Belford, "tells you the truth, Capt. Falkner, in his own rough way. From this moment I would think myself justified in not obeying you. I will never disgrace the honor of my country's flag—and were we but on equal ground, the man that disgraces its uniform, should not escape me."

"That is right, your honor," said Truck; "let us get up a little honorable mutiny."

Passively and coldly Falkner commanded silence, and said: "I can command obedience, sir. Hand them both into the boat. Harkee, Weevil, how many chests of gold are in the boat?"

"Some fifty, sir."

"Good! There are more to come. See that the state-room is ready. I will follow you, Mr. Belford."

"Resistance, sir, is useless, and I yield to force."

"Yield to what you please, sir, but be quick."

Truck said, "My irons are—"

"Knock them off; we will take care of him. Weevil, be watchful; I must take advantage of their strange mistake."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the subordinate.

"Now, sir," said Truck, "I am to go over the side to please a skipper that disgraces his flag. Well, I have been over for one rascal, and I see no reason why I should not for another. But take this for a keep-sake, you lubberly stock-fish!"

The old coxswain dashed into the gang of pirates, and began to deal

such hearty blows right and left, that more than one of the *rasoals* measured their length on the floor. He sprang over the side—and, as he did so, half a dozen pistols were leveled at him, so that his days would have been ended, had not old Nanny interposed. The captain was now ready, and the boat was swiftly rowed ashore."

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## C H A P T E R II.

### THE PALACE.

OUR scene now changes to the palace of the Governor of Santiago—to a magnificent sala, with pavement of tessellated marble, and deep casements opening into a garden prodigally filled with the glorious vegetation of the tropics.

Feraguez, the Spanish officer whom we have known before at the *fonda* or inn of Donna Capella, entered, and with him two slaves, bearing a couch, which they placed near the window and immediately left.

Feraguez looked for a moment around him, and seeming to scan the ornaments of the apartment, said: "Carajo! it is a pity to leave so good a house! yet with the gold a far better one can be bought. Ha, excellenza! it is done—all done!"

"Is all on board safely?"

"All the gold and papers. The jewels I have kept."

"Are you sure they have no suspicion in the mines?"

"None—none."

"I have removed the troops. Bid my daughter hasten hither. We have no time to lose."

"Not a moment. Where shall I find her? Perhaps if I look through the rooms, I may find some stray article which has been forgotten. Aha! that is not a bad idea for a teniente!"

Immediately after the departure of Feraguez, Isabinda and Dianez entered from the other side of the room. The fair Isabinda said:

"How beautiful the ball was! Why did my father hurry me so quickly away? I am sure, Dianez, the English seem, as poor old Domingo says, 'dear, delightful devils.' I wish my father had waited for the return of that handsome Belford, who has twice preserved my life."

"He doubtless, Señora, had his reasons. Do you forget, lady, that we leave the island to-night?"

"That cannot be; I will refuse to go until I am able to thank my brave deliverer."

"He doubtless, lady, had his reasons. Do not forget, Donna Isabinda, that to-night we leave the island."

"That is impossible! He cannot mean to do so. Why should he? No, no, I will not! He cannot wish me to do so without one word of thanks to my brave deliverer. He cannot mean to tear me from my happy home, where I have passed my whole childhood so delightfully. I will mutiny."

"And will you," said Dianez, "mutiny on account of the house or of the defender? Forgive me, lady, if I think those devils of whom Domingo speaks, have cast some strange spell upon you—and if, instead of being the saviour, he too may be the robber."

"Robber, indeed!" said Isabinda; "I will quarrel with you, if you dare to say so; for his manly form, his expressive face, his frank demeanor, all declare him a man of honor. On my word, Dianez, I shall be tempted to turn champion for my champion, and call you out—I wonder how I should behave in a duel!"

"I am glad, donna," said Dianez, "that you have such spirit; yet there may be time to save your father; he seems to suffer in his mind. Know you who it was he introduced to you on board the Wizard of the Wave?"

"He told me, not long since, it was the commander of the schooner which lay beyond the point."

"Hear me Donna Isabinda," said Dianez: "My aunt's house is on the road towards the mines. Once I had a lover, an Englishman, whom I shall never see again; and I used to sit at the window and think of him? While there, I have seen Feraguez, your father's teniente, and a stranger dressed in black, bring boxes down from the mines. Once I saw your father with them, and—"

"Good heavens!" said Isabinda—"in the night? If all had been right, would not the governor's orders have made darkness unnecessary? Great God!" said the young girl, "what a terrible suspicion flashes across me!"

"Hither comes the governor," said Dianez; "I have told you this because it was my duty to do so. I will leave you now, and hope your influence may save your father's name and honor."

"What shall I do?" said Isabinda.

"Don Jose entered the room just as Dianez left it, and said:

"Are you ready, my child? for we must go at once."

"Whither, dear father?"

"Hence," said the governor, "from this lazaretto of the mind Whither we go, it matters not; but we seek America, where kings are powerless and titles worthless—to the United States."

"You go, then, in the vessel which is in the bay?"

"Yes!" said the governor.

"Why go then by night? why leave in darkness and secrecy? why does not that vessel communicate with the town?"

"Ask me no questions."

"Forgive me, dear father," said Isabinda; but I must. I know that I am young, yet feel enough that I can prize my parent's honor. Have you no public duties to discharge? What will the people of Santiago say, when they shall learn their governor has fled?"

"What means this? Questioned by my child! Obey me, and be mute!"

"Father, I cannot! I would see you, surrounded by the officers of state, return your power to those from whom it came. You had dominion over costly mines."

"Mines!—of course I had," said the governor. Who dare asperse my deeds?"

"All will, when you have fled. Thy dare to tell that gold has been brought at night from those same mines—"

"How so, girl?"

"So it is. How else should I know?" said Isabinda.

"Have they?" said the governor. "Eternal fiends! Why am I thus pursued? From earliest youth ruin and disappointment ever have dogged my steps. Thwarted in wealth, love, ambition, everything! When triumph seemed within my grasp, the brim has been torn away! Now, now too, my own child's hand—"

"Must I listen?"

"Daughter, your pride of innocence would not permit you to think your father guilty of a crime which would cause him to fly from his country?"

"No, no, no!" said Isabinda."

"I fled from England," said the governor, "though born upon the soil." Were I now to place my foot upon her shores, the scaffold and the executioner would do their duty on your outlawed father."

"How can that be? Father, oh father!"

"Dear daughter, only ray of light to cheer my path, listen to me: I had a brother, brave and true. All loved him. He had a noble name—the Earl of Monteville. He was older than I, receiving all my father's vast estates, while I was penniless and poor. I hated him. I loved

one beautiful as the morn, but she loved and married him. Ask me not why I hated him."

"Father, father!" said Isabinda.

"Ay, he pitied, as all did, the younger brother. He was promoted to a lofty place and went abroad. Three years rolled on, and they told he had two sons. They said the climate was unhealthy, and sent for me to hear his dying words. I came to Jamaica. With me was a hellish fiend, who called himself my friend."

"You found your brother alive?" said Isabinda.

"Yes, he lived. He scarce had time to bid me be a father to his sons and protector of his wife ere he died. Then did this devil friend begin his work. He whispered to me that those children stood alone between myself and one of England's proudest Earldoms—— Wretch! Wretch!—— Guided by his advice, I sailed for England. A pirate overtook our unarmed ship. They said that it was strange we were not robbed; they did not do so, but took the twin boys from their fond mother's breast, and while she madly raved, bore them away for ever!"

"Ah!" said Isabinda, "this is fearful!"

"She never saw them again, but died broken-hearted, and I became Earl of Monteville. On my rich estates, my friend, the pirate child-robber, soon joined me. He said the children were in safety, but never more could trouble me. I loved and married, and now offended Heaven lets loose, in its justice, all its bolts upon me. You were born. At first I could not love you, for my injured nephews ever stood before me. My friend seemed more a father to you than I can be. Even then the devil plotted your mother's ruin. Start not, Isabinda, for he triumphed and she fell before his arts. Look not as if you doubted, for she confessed it; and when I stabbed and trampled on the fiend, she clasped his body and cursed me."

"Great God!"

"All this is true. That hour is written on my heart and brain in fire. They tried me for his murder. Would you believe me, girl, they tried and condemned me for killing the seducer of my wife? I fled the hated land. The retribution of offended Heaven stripped me of all the wealth and honors I had gained by crime. They cast me forth a beggar. I could have borne all but the thought of her. I had deserved hate, but not from her. I had through him wronged the orphans. But I loved her, the mother of my child; yet on her knees she cursed me as the murderer of her paramour. Isabinda, even now when the memory of those days come back, my brain grows dizzy and my pulse grows quick. I feel—I know that I am mad."

The poor girl sank on her knees and wept. After a moment, she recovered her voice and said :

" Yet, dear father, forgive me if I weep ; for she was my mother."

" She is dead," said Don Jose. Bless thee, my child ! My heart is now relieved. Prepare for night. Since that sad day I spoke of, I have served Spain faithfully ; yet, though I shed my blood for it, ingratitude has been my reward. I have planned a bold stroke to decide my fate. Just at the moment, that mysterious bark came like a wizard hither. That vessel is my fate. Now, when ingratitude has maddened me, and sweet revenge marked out a golden path to satisfy the wishes of my heart, black infamy would spoil me of my prey, and thrust me forth again a beggar."

" Dear father," said Isabinda, " you must not go."

" It is too late, my child," for no resource is left. No idle tears now, for in a few short hours we shall be beyond all danger. If I succeed, princely will be my rank : I am a villain if I fail."

" Give back the gold," said Isabinda.

" It is on board."

" Bring it back at once," said Isabinda.

" He will not."

" Then you are in his power ?"

" I am, alas !" said the governor. " The guilty always are the slaves of those they trust. You will curse me when scorn points at you as the felon's daughter. You who alone have loved this blighted and unhappy form, will curse me in your agony of shame."

The governor seemed to suffer deeply, and buried his face in his hands ; but Isabinda knelt at his feet.

" Give not way to sorrow," said she. " Think, father, think. Should you fly, eternal infamy sinks on you. It cannot be worse if you remain. May not the generous Englishman aid you to recover from the stranger the treasure you have committed to his care ? May not the stranger deceive you in the end ?"

While this conversation was going on, the Unknown had entered unseen, and passionless as a statue, apparently listened to the conversation. His dark eye, his strongly-marked face, assumed a most satanic expression. He said :

" The end is come."

Isabinda and her father started at the sound of his voice. The stranger continued :

" Let me not disturb you. Another hour will leave the Wizard of the Wave within the bar. Sit down, my lord, and let me meet the

arguments of this most lovely pleader. Let me tell her the English ship is here alone to seize her father.

"Can it be so?" said Don Jose, while Isabinda stood in amazement.

"Let me tell you this," said the stranger: "The Spanish court have heard strange reports about the mines. Spain has no navy, but the closest alliance exists between her and England. This British ship waits but to make the proof more sure, and then your father is a prisoner. You know if he can find the proof—"

"Then flight alone can save me," said the governor.

"Who then, sir, are you?" said the young girl, "who urged him on to this dark step?"

The stranger said, "Lady, I am his friend, and on me alone henceforth you must depend for safety."

"My safety? what can effect that?"

"The stain, lady," said the stranger, "on your father's name. Why, Don Jose de Sandobal, do you tremble now? Is not all right? Your daughter will accompany you, and—"

At that moment Weevil came in, evidently in a great state of excitement.

"How now?" said the stranger.

"All is lost!" said Weevil; "the devil fights against us."

"Fool!"

"He has been on board of our ship in your likeness. He has deceived us, and rescued two prisoners."

"What! in my likeness!"

"He seemed yourself," said Weevil. He wore your face, and, by the Lord, your own gold chain!"

"Demons of Hell!" said the stranger. "It was Falkner, the English Captain."

"But the likeness?" said Weevil.

"Is wonderful and beyond my understanding. It has deceived his own officers. Under its protection, I have boarded his vessel, and now it seems he is aware of it, and has used it against me. Action alone can save all from ruin."

"Troops are in the hall," said Weevil.

"Troops!" said Don Jose.

"Father," said Isabinda, "you yet have power."

"Mark me, Don Jose," said the Unknown, "disguise now is useless. Remain, if you please, but Isabinda shall be my companion."

The stranger arose from his seat, and seizing Isabinda, handed her to Weevil.

"Say, lady, one word," said the Unknown, "and your father dies. I will not be disappointed. Come, come, for every moment is of value."

"Dare you threaten me?" said Don Jose.

"I dare anything! Hark! I hear footsteps! Listen to me, lady you are at liberty, but stir not, speak not, or your father dies."

The Unknown deliberately placed his pistol against Don Jose's breast, standing, however, so that none who entered could see it—although Isabinda saw it, Weevil at the same time exhibiting his weapons. The subordinate immediately afterwards posted himself on the other side of Don Jose.

At that moment Feraguez made his appearance, and as the door opened, it became apparent that a party of soldiers stood in the passage-way with the officers, at the very door of the sala. When Feraguez saw the Unknown, he bowed, and said:

"Welcome, Captain! Carrajo! Mr. Weevil, is all ready for the voyage? The soldiers, though, have come back. The officer says that all is well where they were sent. What shall we do with them?"

Isabinda, in the interim, having remained in extreme terror, said:

"Tell the soldiers."

"The Unknown showed his pistol, and said:

"Lady—"

That single gesture was enough, and she sank on her knees, saying:

"Good saints, assist us!"

"Had not your excellency best order them to the mines?" said the Unknown. "It will not do, Señor Feraguez, for them to cross our path. Eh?—you know that troops are needed there. Tell them to search carefully. You know they say the mines are robbed."

"Ah, yes," said Don Jose; "to the mines!" and Feraguez went at once to give the order.

The stranger withdrew his pistol, and the governor, half overpowered, exclaimed:

"Forgive me, oh God! for I have acted thus only to save my daughter's life."

The troops left, and this terrible scene thus ended.

## CHAPTER III.

## DRUNKEN SAILORS.

We have been before at Donna Cappella's, and met there, among others, two worthies who will figure in this chapter. They need, therefore, no introduction; for the persons we speak of, were Cutbody the doctor, and Tim Treacle the purser's clerk. Of course Donna Capella, in the same dress we have previously spoken of, was present.

"Go back, gentlemen," said Donna Capella; "you have had enough."

Let us premise the doctor and the purser's clerk were both drunk.

"I tell you," said the doctor, "I have not had enough."

"No no," said the purser's clerk, "nothing like it."

"Yes, Señores, you have come home with me like English devils—gentlemen, I mean—you were very kind."

"Yes, we were; doctor, my dear friend, one word with you," said Tim. "After the unequivocal manner in which she said she loved me—" (Tim was very drunk)

"True," said the doctor, "her disease was exhibited with such highly inflammatory symptoms, that it becomes me, as a surgeon and a gentleman—"

"Yes, that is it," said Tim—"as a gentleman, I—"

"You a gentleman!" said the doctor. "It is I that am the gentleman. You, you registrar of yellow dips, a gentleman!"

"I no gentleman!" said the purser. "By the immortal honor of Plymouth! I a register of candles! What are you? A blister on the service?—a bolus to the crew!—a poultice-prentice! You a gentleman! By the hereditary honors of my grandmother, who was lady's to an alderman, I—I'll—"

"Stop this noise," said Donna Capella. "This is always the way with your countrymen, who drink together until they fight."

"Donna Capella, beautiful as you are, do not be the least nervous. I will not annihilate the slop-seller. I will not put out the purser's dip in your divine presence, but if he gets sick, I will give him such a dose of salts and senna as never was exhibited before. Your black eyes, I vow, are brighter than all the bottles in an apothecary's window; your glance is more searching than mercury; and your love, like ipecacuanha, goes up and down my viscera."

"Do you hear him, my lovely Spaniard?" said Tim. "In a week he would purge you to death. Try your own Treacle. Did he not jump on your toes when he danced with you? He must, however, answer to me for it."

"No, Señor, let him answer to me. Señor Doctor, go on board, and to-morrow I will talk to you about physic."

"Do you, then, reject me for that low, huxtering animal—that subject?"

"Animal! subject! Pshaw! he has gone into the body-snatching line."

"You shall meet me, though, with either pistols or lancets—swords, I mean"—said the doctor. "Tim, I wish we had friends here to arrange our little blood-thirsty warfare."

Just then the master came in, and said, "Ha, donna, safely stowed! I could not turn in until I knew that you were safe. Well, when shall it be? I have spoken to the captain, and, if you like, he will marry us to-morrow. Shall he splice us before the week is out?"

"Marry to-morrow!" said Tim.

"Splice before the week is out!" said Cutbody.

"Caleb," said Tim, "we are cheated."

Tim walked ferociously up and down the room, and said, "I will be revenged—I will kill somebody."

Caleb went up to Manly, and said.

"Sir, I—"

Tim echoed his words, and said:

"Sir!"

"Phew!" said the master, "what is in the wind?"

"Tim," said the doctor, "you fight Manly, and I will call out Donna Capella."

"Aha!" said Manly, "if you want to fight, here are the documents (He pulled out a pair of horse pistols.) I wave rank, and we can settle the matter at once. I wave rank."

"It is not a good remedy for my complaint," said the doctor.

"What say you, Tim?" said Manly.

"Dear Tim," said the doctor, "I will be your second."

"No, I thank you, doctor."

"But, donna, have you not a word to say to Tom Truck, who has come ashore to lay up in ordinary and marry you?"

"What, Truck!" said Donna Capella; "the Lord love his pig-tail!"

Manly turned to the doctor and clerk, and said:

"All hands aboard! I fancy there is work ahead."

Tim said, "Do you mean fighting? Doctor, I am very sick; donna, can you give me a bed?"

"Ah yes, douna, do so," said the doctor; "I will stay to attend to him."

"Attend to him! Attend to the ship—I will see you aboard. Adieu, donna—one kiss. We have to board some planet—may be the moon! Lord! there is no knowing what we may be at, when the devil takes the lead!"

Tim was at once taken very sick. The doctor was assiduously attentive; but Manly hurried them both away, in spite of Tim's increased illness and the doctor's immense assiduity.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CRISIS.

OUR scene now opens in a Posada or inn, which, however, is not Donna Capella's. It was a low, wooden house, with stables on one side and on the other an open field. The lodging rooms were above, and were approached by a stairway from the room to which we have introduced our reader.

Falkner, Belford, and Ralph Raddle, a mariner of the Wizard of the Wave, entered the room. Since the boat left the side of the Melchor, rapid as had been its passage, much had taken place between the captain and his lieutenant. The latter had heard Capt. Falkner's explanation; and though not satisfied, was at least able to hear it without excitement. It was not strange that the peculiar circumstances which took Belford on board the piratical vessel, should make a deep impression on him, and that the apparent incongruity of the captain of a eruizer giving orders on the deck of a pirate-ship should seem almost inexplicable. Belford was not, however, aware of the dread mystery about to be unveiled to our readers, which made all this natural enough.

"Belford, my friend," said Capt. Falkner, "strive to throw off this apathy. I have promised you an explanation which should, and I know will satisfy you. Exert yourself, then, for the honor you think I disgrace; for never were your own courage and fidelity more required."

"Capt. Falkner, I have told you fairly why I refuse to obey you. You yourself admit that my reasons are fairly grounded. Why this mystery? It must be useless, where the object is honorable."

Falkner looked sadly at the young man, and said :

" Belford, I trust you will learn to repent ever having suspected me of motives not dictated by stern honor and duty. The circumstances, however, are so utterly beyond even my own comprehension, that I feel compelled to use all forbearance for the doubts you imply. Raddle !"

" Your honor !"

" Have you obeyed my orders to the letter ?"

" Every inch, your honor. I parted the men, and argued the matter with Tom Truck, the coxswain of your honor, and he said : ' Well, I will believe all is fair, but blast my eyes if the captain is not the devil ! I have,' said he, ' private reasons for thinking so.' He will be down at the signal for the boat's crew."

" Raddle," said the captain, " you shall be promoted for this."

" Your honor," said the marine—" that I have seen you in two places at once, there is no denying ; and everybody says you have relations down below ! But then I thought of the good I had seen you do, and said to myself : ' He who is kind to the poor, protects the weak, is merciful to his enemies, and fights for his country, cannot be a bad man.' Damme, I would believe in the devil if he acted thus !"

" Thank you, Raddle !" said the captain. " What think you now, Mr. Belford ?"

" Sir, I ask your pardon, and think as that poor marine does ; yet, sir, I found you in such situations !"

" You must have been puzzled—I admit it. The likeness between the pirate captain and myself is certainly strange and mysterious. He has, I am told, a chain like this on my neck. Can it be that he too has a similar picture ?"

The captain showed the lieutenant the portrait of a beautiful woman, and said :

" It is my mother, whom I never knew. Now, though, Belford, to work ! Send my boat on board, and tell Hearton to get the vessel over the bar, if there be water enough. I must watch my chiefest prize. I need not tell you to do your duty to your country."

" Nor need I, if your duty leads you to act against the governor, ask you to be merciful to him and gentle to his daughter. I obey you, sir ; and if I have wronged you, ask your pardon."

" Where are the marines, Raddle ?" said Falkner, after Belford had left the room.

" They are in the stables, sir. I smuggled them in, one by one."

" The rooms up stairs must overlook the sea, and I will use them. Perhaps, too, they command the road. Be watchful, Raddle."

The captain ascended the stairway, leaving the marine alone. Raddle assumed an ultra-military air, threw out his chest, and said, Ahem, I command the land forces ! Blast my musket, but I am promoted ! Lord, if there was just a castle to storm, or a general to take prisoner, I would make my fortune. Hark ! I hear the tramp of men ; somebody comes this way."

Falkner returned down the stairway he ascended. He wore a great boat-cloak, and said : " Raddle, I can get out of this window and bring up the crew to cut off retreat when they have fairly entered. Listen for my signal." Falkner and Ralph left—the one going to the stable and the other in the direction he had indicated.

Scarcely had they left, when Feraguez entered the room, and was soon followed by the governor and sailors under charge of Weevil, bearing heavy boxes. Soon after, the stranger came in with a party, several of whom bore Isabinda in a litter. With her was the faithful Dianez.

" Curse on them !" said the Unknown, " no signal appears to bring the boat. Fear not, though, sir ; for we will wait till Weevil hastens across the neck of land and brings them round. This sudden freak of Falkner's has ruined all my calculations."

" I must obey you," said the governor. " I beg you, though, take care of my child."

" I will protect her with my life. A few pieces of gold bribed the keeper of this inn to have all quiet. Poor fellow ! he has few guests ; and we will make free with one of his rooms for Isabinda till the boats come. Quick, Weevil, hurry while I examine the rooms."

Weevil said, " You had best keep close till I return." Weevil left.

" Aha !" said Feraguez, " the coast is clear, and this English Jack Tar is done brown. Aha ! now for the signal !"

It must be understood that Raddle, from the place where he stood, could see both the party in the room and the captain ; and when he saw what was going on, muttered to himself :

" Now is the captain's time."

" Now," said Falkner, " is the time for my leap ;" and he sprang from the window almost at the very moment the Unknown entered the room. The latter looked carefully around and descended, saying to the governor :

" Do not be uneasy, sir ; there is a comfortable room above, where Dianez will attend her. Come, gentle lady, your father, your friends are here ; you have no cause for fear, and in a short time will be in safety."

" Father, father," said the poor girl, " could I only think so !"

"All thought and hesitation, Isabinda, must be discarded now. If you would share your banished father's fortunes, flight is our only resource."

"I will accompany you, father, for ever."

"Go, daughter, to your room; Dianez will accompany you. Rest there, if you can, that you may have strength to endure whatever you may have to undergo."

Isabinda, followed by Dianez, left the room.

"Now, lads," said the stranger, "when Weevil comes, be brisk with the boxes. Twenty minutes more, and we are safe."

"Are we not now?" said Don Jose "Did you not say the Wizard could not cross the bar?"

"She cannot, if she be yet at her moorings."

"Whither do you propose to go?"

"What matters it to one who seeks to escape justice?"

"What say you?"

"Any port," said the Unknown, "is welcome to him who leaves infamy and the executioner behind him."

"Sir, you are insulting."

"I speak," said the villain, "only the language of the world."

"Liar and scoundrel! your persuasion led me to this."

"My persuasion would, if it could," said he, "have forced you to give me your daughter, without the danger of this expedition. If the noble governor of Santiago—if Don Jose de Sandobal—would thrust on me a cargo of gold, one who from boyhood has roamed the seas, could not refuse so fair a chance. An orphan without name, I have terrified the world, and needed only a partner of my fame. Your child shall be the rover's Queen, his deck shall be her throne, and the treasury of her felon father her dower."

"I may save her," said the old man—"and I will, if I die."

The governor unsheathed his sword and rushed on the pirate. The contest was, however, too unequal—for in a single instant he was disarmed and stabbed. As he fell, however, he seized him, and tore from his neck a chain and portrait which the villain wore.

"Secure that door," said the pirate and one of his crew at once fastened it.

Don Jose looked at the portrait, and exclaimed:

"Merciful God! where got you this?"

"Give it to me; it is my mother's picture."

"Your mother! Great God, there is a retribution for our sins!"

He sank exhausted, and at that moment a shrill whistle was heard.

"Ha ha ! that is the boat !"

Weevil, followed by a party of sailors, rushed in, and said.

"Quick, to the shore ! The cruiser is all awake, and boats are pulling from her to land. Be quick, or all is lost !"

Damnation ! hurry ! hurry !" said the Unknown.

A distant whistle at that moment was heard, and Raddle with his marines rushed in from the stables, firing on the party. The shots were at once returned, and, in the contest, the straw of the stable which was next to the room became ignited. The blaze spread rapidly, and the confusion became intense. It was not lessened when Truck rushed up the gateway at the head of a party of sailors, completely cutting off all retreat. In the confusion, the old governor had seized the Unknown, whom he grasped convulsively. At that moment a cry was heard from above, which reached the old man's heart of hearts.

"Ah," said he, "save my child ! The fire spreads rapidly ; save my child !"

At that moment Belford and Manly, accompanied by a large detachment of soldiers, rushed into the room fully armed, and began a contest. They had, however, no trifling antagonist ; for the Unknown threw himself in advance, and exclaimed :

"Back ! No power can wrest this treasure from me !"

The governor placed himself in the ranks of the cruiser, and with Belford rushed on the Unknown, and sought to kill or disarm him. Though two to one, they had found an equal ; and Truck, perceiving it, sought to ascend the steps which led from a kind of gateway to the room. He was, however, met by Weevil—no trifling antagonist ; and being at the same time attacked by Wilkins, was hurled from the steps. The pirates had rallied, and the Wizard's crew were driven back ; though Belford and the governor forced the captain of the Melchor to retreat. At last Truck was forced to leave Manly alone apposed to Weevil ; and when the former sought to ascend the stairway, a deadly contest ensued. In the meantime the noise on the outside became more intense, and Weevil was disarmed. Nothing but his activity prevented his being cut down ; and in his retreat, he had nearly overturned Truck, who gradually was gaining on Wilkins. Manly followed him up, and Truck advanced up the steps. A new phase of the contest, however, ensued ; for the Unknown, to whom the governor had been some time opposed, finally was cut down, and Truck met the antagonist he had long sought for. Cutting Weevil down, he met the Unknown, but had scarcely crossed swords, when Belford, though wounded, rushed upon him. The contest continued, the fire raged, and the Unknown overturning Truck, rushed up

the blazing stairway. Truck rapidly followed him, but the steps gave way, and while he was seeking to follow, the whole front of the house fell in. When the crash had subsided, and the smoke cleared away, the Unknown was seen bearing Isabinda away, while Dianez clung madly to him. The old governor was apparently dying in Belford's arms. Anxious as he was to save the old man, he consigned her to others, and sought to regain the pirate captain. It was, however, in vain ; for, exhausted by his wound, he could not keep pace with him ; and the ravisher, with the remnant of his crew, reached his boats.

The yawls from the man-of-war had been left alone, and the pirates were able to escape, bearing with them the governor's unfortunate daughter. Manly and Belford could but rescue that portion of the gold which had been left by the pirates, from the ruins of the smoking posada, and returned to the vessel.

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The following story from Lieut. Belford, served in some degree to dispel from the minds of his companions the gloom occasioned by the sad events above recorded.

#### THE LIEUTENANT'S SECOND STORY.

SOME years ago, not far from Folkestone, in Kent, stood the neat little cottage of two virtuous and esteemed orphans, called Martin and Selina Roseberry. Martin was a noble-looking boy, with a heart possessed of every good feeling, and, although he was really young when their parents died, his mind was so well matured by perseverance, that he possessed all the resolution of a man, and was, in fact, no bad protector for Selina. The two children seemed indeed to live but in each other's happiness. Martin would run for miles to gather a nosegay for his little sister, or, bearing her in his arms, would ramble to the sea-beach to gather for her the prettiest shells. Martin was some years older than his sister, but young as the maiden was, she already evinced a heart and mind of the most prepossessing character, and charms which augured future excellence. Her figure was that of a perfect little fairy, and her countenance of the most fascinating description. She was doatingly fond of her brother, and was happy only when he was in her company.

The orphans had been left by their late mother to the care of their nurse, Goody Molloy ; for Mrs Roseberry had managed to accumulate a moderate sum of money by her own industry, which she left for the education and support of her children, until they should arrive at

fitting age to provide for themselves, when the residue was to be given to Goody Molloy, for her future support and comfort.

And well did poor old Dame Molloy perform the sacred task entrusted to her ; for she loved the children the same as if they had been her own, and they returned her affection with equal warmth.

Thus passed away, in uninterrupted happiness, several years, and Martin Roseberry was accounted one of the handsomest of boys in or near Folkestone, while Selina was accounted one of the prettiest of children the imagination could conceive. At this time, however, her happiness was somewhat marred by her brother taking a predilection for the sea ; and he would not rest, in spite of the affection he bore for Selina and the dame, till he became apprenticed to a collier.

He performed several short voyages in this capacity, when the war breaking out, he was pressed ; and years passed, and Selina heard nothing of him, neither did she know whether he was living or dead.

Swiftly the time flew away, and Selina had become a fine-looking young woman, the admiration of the whole place, and the envy of all the men. However, there was only one on whom Selina delighted to smile with any other feeling than respect, and that was a young fisherman of the name of James Heartwin. He was a fine, handsome young man ; but having been left too early to his own will, he was enticed into the paths of folly and dissipation, and had so far ruined his fortunes, that, unable to procure a sufficiency by his own profession to gratify his improvidence, he was induced to become the friend and assistant to a gang of desperate smugglers, who had a secret retreat in an old abbey on the sea-coast at Folkestone.

James was not naturally depraved ; his errors were not those of a naturally bad heart, but entirely owing to the giddiness, thoughtlessness, and generosity of youth ; and frequently, in his serious moments, he was greatly troubled on account of his bad conduct, and made many vows to reform.

Selina he loved with a passion the most pure and sincere, and when he found that her heart beat in unison with his own, he reproached himself severely for being so unworthy of her, and determined at last to abandon his companions, and, by his future behaviour, to make some reparation for his past conduct. The gentle Selina, too, as a sister, often advised him to repent of his errors, and yet she did so with such an air of ardent affection and impressive virtue, that he must have been a heartless villain, indeed, had he still persisted in his guilty career.

There was one individual who beheld the passion James Heartwin

and Selina entertained for each other with feelings of the most bitter jealousy. This was a dissipated gentleman, who resided at Folkestone, called Sir William Pledger. Blessed with every natural qualification the baronet had succeeded but too well in his nefarious designs. A more reckless, dissipated, or tyrannical villain, never existed. Numerous were the unfortunate victims of his treachery that lived to curse him, and now he marked the beauteous Selina for another. One unhappy being, whom he had met in France, and lured from her home, wandered about Folkestone, clad in the garb of a gipsy, a wretched maniac—lovely still, even in her desolation. Her name was Mabel.

Sir William was perfectly aware, that while James Heartwin stood in the way, he had no chance of success with Selina, and he therefore formed a plan to remove him. He addressed a letter to the press-master, who was his particular friend, telling him that there was a certain James Heartwin, a wild, worthless young man, whom it would be advisable to remove from the country, and if he would send a number of men down to the Abbey ruins at night, he would find him lurking about, and might easily force him on board the English man-of-war called the Britannia, then lying in the offing. This letter he induced one Bobby Crick, a busy, meddling fellow, a Jack-of-all-trades, in the village, by the promise of a handsome reward, to convey to the press-master. But Bobby dropped the letter on the road, and, by a singular intervention of Providence, Selina was passing at the time, who picked it up, and, perceiving that it was addressed to the press-master, and was not sealed, curiosity prompted her to peruse the contents. How astonished was the damsel at the purport of the letter, and the treachery of Sir William Pledger. In a moment an idea suggested itself to her mind by which she might save her lover, although it would be at the risk of great danger to herself. She was resolved, however, to run the chance. She determined, by some means, to procure a suit of James's apparel, and be at the place where the press-gang was to seize him, in his stead. She knew that James was now absent from his hut, and therefore, dropping the letter on the same spot where she had found it, made the best of her way towards his residence.

Bobby Crick, who discovered, to his no small vexation, that he had lost the important letter entrusted to him by Sir William Pledger, and dreading his anger, returned to the spot in a state of the greatest trepidation. To his infinite delight, he there beheld it on the ground, and, putting it into his pocket, he departed immediately to the press-master's.

There was another being who had also watched the actions of Sir

William narrowly ; and, although her brain wandered at times, yet she had still reason enough to commiserate the misfortunes of her fellow-creatures, and to endeavor to frustrate the plans of a villain whom she had so much reason to abhor. She, therefore, employed a poor simple fellow named Jeremiah Supple, who dwelt in a miserable, leaky cottage on the coast, to go to James Heartwin, and warning him of his danger, advised him to be at his own hut at the hour the miscreants purposed seizing him.

In the meantime, Selina had hastened to the hovel inhabited by James, who was absent, and gaining an easy entrance by the window, she quickly attired herself in one of her lover's suits, and bent her steps towards the smuggler's retreat. As she left the hovel, James entered, and fancied he saw a form flit past him, but the night was so dark that he could not be positive ; so he entered his hut, where he busied himself for some time in ruminating upon the strange warning he had received from Mabel.

The heroic Selina soon arrived at the dreary ruins which formed the smuggler's retreat. The hour quickly arrived, and, true to their agreement, the press-gang entered the place cautiously ; and seeing Selina in male attire, took her to be their victim, immediately seized her, and, in spite of her pretended resistance, forced her into the boat, and rowed her with all possible dispatch to the vessel.

Sir William Pledger had been anxiously waiting the result of his nefarious stratagem ; and when he beheld them, as he imagined, seize upon James, he started forth, and exulted over his success. While he was thus occupied, Mabel entered and confronted him. Her eyes sparkled with reproaches as she pointed to the Britannia, lying in the offing, and which the pale moon's rays just revealed to them.

"Sir William Pledger," she exclaimed, "doubtless you imagine that your triumph is complete."

"At any rate," said the baronet, with an ironical smile, "my rival is secure James Heartwin——"

"Is here !" cried Mabel, as she waved her hand ; and, to the confusion of the villain, the youth he imagined he had secured on board the vessel appeared before him.

"How is this ?" ejaculated Sir William ; "my rival here ! Who, then, was the individual seized by the press-gang ?"

"She thou wouldst have made another victim to thy wicked passions villain !" answered Mabel ; "Selina Roseberry."

"Selina !" cried James ; "merciful powers ! can I hear aright ? But on your head, traitor, depend upon it, I will have ample vengeance."

ance for this outrage. Think not that your rank will protect you, for, though I am humble, yet is my arm strong enough to avenge treachery such as thine, and to stand up the champion of unprotected innocence."

Sir William was thunderstruck, and could not reply; and while this altercation was proceeding, the Britannia set sail, and was soon out of sight.

We must now quit the scene of the commencement of our narrative, and request the reader to accompany us to France, and to the interior of a French prison, where at that time a few of the most gallant sons of Britannia were in the "bilboes."

Among these prisoners, who were all belonging to the Britannia, were Selina and her own brother, Martin Roseberry, whom she had not seen for so many years, and who was also so much altered that it was impossible for any one who had known him formerly to recognize, in his strong, robust, hardy tone of thirty, the simple, innocent boy of ten, playing on the sea-coast with his golden-haired sister, and gathering for her the prettiest shells to amuse her. Martin's name had never been heard by Selina on board the vessel, though she entertained a sincere friendship for him from the very moment when she first beheld him; for his manners were so different to the rest of the crew. Martin had also felt the deepest interest in the sailor boy, as he called Selina, and often wondered what could ever have induced them to make a sailor of one so slight and delicate.

Now they were prisoners together, Selina knew him as no other than Charles Jaekson, though what were his real motives for assuming that name, we shall not attempt to surmise.

Colonel de la Garioie, the governor of the prison in which they were confined, was a gentleman who, in addition to many really good qualities, was exceedingly vain and ambitious. The present event was one he hailed with pleasure; the idea of his taking prisoners so many of the brave English, he imagined would procure him no little honor, and he therefore laid strict injunctions on his lieutenant, Clarispe, to look carefully after them, and on no account to suffer them to wander beyond the limits of the prison-yard. The prison in which the sailors were incarcerated was adjoining (and only divided by a slight partition) one which was appropriated to the confinement of French deserters, among whom were two notorious fellows named Lanfranc and Lamort; but more of them anon.

On the morning after the capture of Martin and his messmates, the governor, who was anxious to see that they were all safe, summoned

them into his presence. Martin was the first that appeared before him and the honest tar hitched up his slacks, twisted his quid, and gazed upon the governor with the utmost indifference. The governor could not help admiring the noble-looking figure of the British seaman, and the honest frankness that shone in his countenance; and after contemplating him for a few minutes, thus addressed him :

“ Englishman, although we are enemies, I am anxious to show you how we treat those brave fellows whom the chances of war have thrown into our power.”

“ The chances of war,” exclaimed Martin, with a smile ; “ avast there —belay ! Your honor knows very well that it was an accident that threw us into your clutches. We were straying a little too far from our gallant vessel, the Britannia, when we were surprised by a lot of your maccaronis, and put into the bilboes ; and yet you call this getting us by fair fighting. Shiver my topsails ! had two or three of your largest vessels ventured to attack the Britannia, methinks we should have taught your honor a little more about the chances of war.”

“ Englishman,” retorted the governor, sternly, “ this insolent language will not be tolerated here, and cannot procure you any good.”

“ Insolent, do you call it ?” returned Martin ; “ why, you see we British tars are so accustomed to speak the plain and honest truth to an enemy, that it comes as nat’ral to us as our mother tongue.”

“ Well, well I admire your candor, young man,” said the governor ; “ and would wish to serve you. Besides, I do not hate your country ; no, I have something there that binds me to it. I had a daughter there as beautiful as imagination can depicture ; two years since she was seduced away from me by an English gentleman, and although I have made every inquiry after her, I have never been able to ascertain her fate. Oh, young man, can you feel for the sufferings of a parent thus cruelly deprived of the prop of his declining years ? If you can, oh, say that you will assist me in endeavoring to recover my child. In a short time we expect that peace will be proclaimed between our two nations, and then your liberty will be granted you, and——”

“ Avast, avast !” your honor, interrupted Martin ; “ can you talk of my serving you when I am still your prisoner ? Now, if I were in your honor’s place, and I had taken a lot of brave fellows like myself and my messmates, merely by accident, I should say here is a crown apiece for you, and you are free ; do that, your honor, and then you will be acting like a man.”

“ Well, well,” said the governor, impatiently, “ I will consider more maturely of your wishes. At any rate, wait till to-morrow, and yo.

shall be free ; but, oh, promise to assist me in endeavoring to discover my child."

"I will not budge an inch from this spot," said Martin, resolutely, "unless at the same time you release at least one of my companions—a lad for whom I have a particular regard, and whom I am certain would break his heart, if he were left unprotected by me."

The governor again hesitated, and at last assented, but persuaded Martin to delay his departure until the next day, as it would be necessary for him to mention his case to the higher authorities before he could liberate him. With this request Martin very reluctantly complied—and the governor, giving instructions to his lieutenant to watch closely over the prisoners while they were allowed to walk in the yard, left him.

Martin was now anxious to see his youthful messmate, to apprise him of his good fortune, and accordingly called him forward. Selina obeyed, and Martin greeted her with his usual kindness.

"I have often wondered," he said, "how they came to make such a stripling as you a sailor. Why, your voice is as soft as a girl's; and your figure—aye, by my topsails, talking of that, my young spark, let me take a nearer view of your vessel."

Selina blushed and trembled, while Martin, with a significant leer, walked around her, and took a more minute survey of her person.

"Wheugh!" exclaimed Martin, twisting his quid, "I begin to suspect."

"Suspect what?" demanded the damsel, with much emotion.

Martin whispered in her ear; Selina turned pale, but after a few minutes' hesitation, she said :

"Yes, indeed you are right—I am a woman; but now you have my secret, do not, oh do not betray me."

"No, my little beauty," said Martin, "that I never will. Charles Jackson will retain your secret, and continue to respect you. But whatever, my pretty lass, could induce you to turn sailor?"

"It was to save one whom I sincerely loved, from a plot laid by a villain against him," answered Selina; "but you shall know more anon; at present, be assured that I esteem you as a brother, for the kindness you have ever shown towards me."

"Well said, my young spark," remarked Martin; "and when Charles Jackson shall cease to act like a man, especially towards a pretty woman, may he founder in the ocean of misfortune. But give us your fin, my little beauty."

With that, Martin, in his honest, rough manner, grasped the delicate

little hand of Selina with a firmness that brought the tears in her eyes, and then, telling her of all that had taken place between him and the governor, desired her for the present to retire. Selina obeyed.

Jeremy Supple, having by some means or other got on board the Britannia, and lurking about the French coast, was taken for a spy and brought in before the governor. He was now taken before Martin, who, recognizing him, smoked him sarcastically on his misfortune, and told him he was sure to be hanged. We need not attempt to describe the alarm of poor Jeremy; suffice it to say, his terror was so excessive that it was not without the greatest difficulty he could support himself—while, at the same time, he ardently implored Martin to intercede for him with the governor.

In the course of conversation, Jeremy related all the particulars of his meeting with Mabel; the plot that had been devised to impress James Heartwin; and the generous sacrifice Selina had made to save her lover; and the fact, also, of her being taken on board the Britannia instead of James.

The name struck like an electric shock on the heart of Martin, and he looked at the simple Jeremy with the utmost anxiety and impatience, as he demanded:

“Selina Roseberry, did you say? Tell me, was that the name of the pretty damsel whom you have described to have acted in such a heroic manner? Speak quick, for my heart is aground until I receive your answer.”

“I tell you that was the name of the damsel,” replied Jeremy; “and she was the prettiest maiden in all Yarmouth.”

“Shiver my topsails!—could it be?” cried the sailor, his heart beating at double its usual pace; “say, should you know her if you were to see her?”

“Should I know her?” repeated Jeremy, “I should think I would, too.”

“Then we will soon know all about this,” exclaimed Martin. “Hilloa, there!” he bawled, at the very top of his voice; and Selina, at the well-known summons, rushed from the prison into the yard. In a moment she recognized Jeremy, and uttered a cry of astonishment, who at the same time said:

“Ah, it is—it is Selina Roseberry.”

What language could do adequate justice to the feelings which now took possession of the heart of Martin, who strained his eyes in gazing with the most unbounded delight upon features so well remembered—features on which he had ever looked with transport, but which he had

almost feared he should never behold again. Martin's career had been a hazardous one; he had for years endured all the perils and dangers of the ocean, the battle, and the breeze; he had been several times wounded; and, at the very time he was expecting to be paid off so that he might return to his native land and once more press his darling sister to his heart, some accident had never failed to occur to prevent it and to send him off to meet the dangers of the deep once more.

"Selina Roseberry," at length he said, rushing to her with frantic delight and enfolding her in his arms, "my sister, my dear little sister!"

Astonishment for a moment prevented the damsel from giving utterance to a syllable, but at last she exclaimed:

"What mean your words? I can scarcely dare trust myself with such a blissful assurance; and yet, now I gaze more steadfastly upon you, all the scenes of my childhood rush vividly to my memory."

"Ah," exclaimed Martin, "it is not possible that you can ever forget them."

"Is it possible," demanded Selina, "that your name, then, is not Charles Jackson?"

"No, no," answered the tar, hastily, "that was an assumed name; I am Martin Roseberry, your brother, who used to carry you, when a pretty little golden-haired child, to gather the shells on the sea-beach. My sister! my dear little Selina!"

Fain would we describe the scene of mutual transport consequent upon the extraordinary and unexpected meeting of the brother and sister, but find it would take a far more eloquent pen than ours to do so properly. They wept tears of joy, and remained locked in each other's arms for several minutes. With what sentiments of admiration and transport did Martin dwell upon every lineament of the lovely countenance of his sister, and recall to his mind the peaceful joy of former days. His joy was now complete; and although his bosom swelled with feelings of honest indignation against Sir William Pledger, he could not help blessing the accident that had brought about such remarkable events, and been the means of restoring him to the arms of a beloved sister, from whom he had been so long separated, and whom he had begun to fear Providence had ordained that he should never behold again.

On the evening when these events took place, the governor had appointed to have a small festival in the prison-yard, and on that occasion all the prisoners were to be allowed to partake of the entertainments. Lamort and Lanfranc, the two deserters we have before spoken of, had formed a villainous design to put poison in the governor's wine, and

thus to gratify a feeling of the most deadly revenge. Martin and his sister overheard their plot, and, while they were filled with horror and disgust, they determined by some means to frustrate the diabolical plans of the miscreants.

The evening passed away merrily, and little could any one have suspected the dark design at that very time lurking in the breasts of Lanfranc and his companion.

The time approached, and the two wretches seized the opportunity of putting the poison into one of the wine-bottles, and were all the time narrowly watched by Martin and Selina.

The governor and his friends now approached, and prepared to set themselves at the table. In the meantime, Martin seized an opportunity to secure the bottle that contained the poisonous drug, and, after the governor and his friends had drank, he exclaimed to Lamort and his companion :

“ Come, comrades, let us all be sociable together ! Drink ! drink !”

Lamort, never suspecting that anything was wrong, immediately took the proffered glass, and, raising it to his lips, quaffed off the whole of the contents. In a moment his features assumed a livid and ghastly appearance, his eyes rolled with frightful fury, and, with one horrible groan, he fell dead upon the earth.

“ What is the meaning of this ?” demanded the astonished governor.

“ Why, the meaning is, your honor,” answered Martin, “ that these two fellows had formed a plot to murder you. I overheard them, and have thus been the fortunate means of saving you from a terrible death. Behold !” he continued, seizing Laufranc, and tearing the phial containing the poison from his bosom, or at least what remained of it.

Nothing could surpass the astonishment and horror of the governor, excepting the feelings of unbounded gratitude he experienced towards Martin Roseberry for the service he had rendered him. He pressed his hand vehemently, and then vowed to be his friend as long as he lived.

“ As to that, your honor,” answered Martin, “ I shall be most happy to be considered worthy of your good opinion, although I have only done that which every man, and every true British seaman, would do—namely, saved the life of an enemy, when attacked in a cowardly manner.”

“ You’re a brave fellow, a noble fellow,” enthusiastically exclaimed the governor, still most cordially pressing his hand. He then ordered the body of Lamort to be taken away, and Lanfranc to be immediately

secured and placed in confinement. But ere they could do this, the Russian burst from the hands of the guard who had taken him into custody, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, presented it at ~~his~~ and fired. Most happily, however, for the brave scaman, it missed its mark, and the miscreant was dragged to a dungeon, amid the execrations of all present.

In the midst of the confusion which these events had excited, the governor's lieutenant made his appearance in great haste, to inform him that the crew of the Britannia had made their way into the fortress, and were dealing destruction to all around them.

Before the governor had time to express his emotion, loud reports of cannon reached his ears, and the next moment the walls of the fortress were blown down with a loud crash, and the brave tars of the Britannia entered with loud shouts of triumph. Martin no sooner beheld his gallant messmates, than seizing a cutlass from one of the enemy, he rushed to join them in the affray.

The conflict was brief but desperate, while it lasted; the fortress was taken, and the governor and his men were placed in the power of their heroic enemies—thus showing the never-failing success attendant upon true valor and determination.

Once more we must direct the reader's attention to Folkestone, and pass over an interval of several months, during which time peace had been proclaimed between France and Great Britain, and Martin and his pretty sister had returned to their native shore. It was a happy moment for them when the white cliffs of England met their gaze, and they were unbounded in their gratitude to Heaven for the protection it had afforded them through so many dangers and vicissitudes.

To England, also, had hastened Colonel de la Garde, in search of his lost daughter, and much was the anxiety, the doubts, and fears he alternately endured to know what had been her fate, or if he should ever behold her again.

He was accompanied by Jeremy Supple, who had elicited from him that his daughter was no other than Mabel, and Sir William Pledger was the villain who had seduced her from her home and the arms of her father. This knowledge that worthy determined to turn to some account.

Sir William Pledger, who was soon made acquainted with the return of Selina, still longed to possess her. During her absence his desires had increased rather than abated, and he now resolved to let no opportunity slip to get her into his power. The circumstance of her brother

returning with her, presented an obstacle, but at length he invented a scheme to obtain the darling object of his wishes, that only the mind of a most heartless villain could concoct.

In order to further these diabolical plans, he sought one Bobby Crick, as he was familiarly called, who had on former occasions rendered himself a ready instrument of his vices, and by the offer of a large reward, tempted him to place a case of jewel's in Selina's box, so that he might accuse her of robbing him.

This stratagem, he imagined, could not fail of success, as Selina had been in the habit of visiting a servant maid in his house, and whom he having seduced, was ready, for money, to swear to anything her villainous master proposed to her.

Sir William, as may be imagined, designed not to punish Selina; oh, no; that would have been to deprive him of all his hopes of triumphing over her innocence; he, however, thought that by holding out to her a promise not to prosecute, he might induce her to become his mistress, and thus all his long-formed wishes would be gratified.

He thought that the dread of shame and punishment would prevail on her to accept any offers which might afford her a chance of escape, and he therefore resolved to promise to pardon her, if she would yield to his infernal proposals. But little did the miscreant know of the real and spotless character of that beauteous and virtuous girl, to entertain for a moment such a base idea.

Mr. Crick heard the propositions of Sir William with much attention, shook his head, and hesitated. Crafty and designing, he knew well how to deal with the guilty baronet, and resolved to pay himself well for the task he was wanted to perform.

"Why do you pause?" demanded Sir William, with a look of impatience; "do you fear to do that which I desire of you?"

"Why, why—you see, Sir William," Bobby faltered out; "I—"

"Bah!" interrupted Sir William; "any one would imagine, to hear you, that you had never been guilty of anything wrong. This is not the first time you have been employed by me, and I consider that I have been the best friend you ever had."

"Very true, sir," said the fellow; "but then you know that this is a very dangerous piece of business."

"Dangerous!" repeated Sir William. "Why more dangerous than that you have before been concerned in? What suspicion can be attached to you?"

"That may be all very true, Sir William," returned Crick; "but then —"

"I see the reason of your hesitation," said the baronet; "you ~~have~~ not yet been made acquainted with the sum I am ready to give you ~~for~~ your trouble. Perhaps twenty guines may satisfy you?"

Crick opened his ears eagerly, and his scruples, if he ever entertained any, were immediately done away with. He quickly agreed and departed from the house.

He had only just left the presence of Sir William, when the door was thrown open, and Mabel entering the room, confronted the baronet. Madness and sorrow had so altered her once blooming features, that it was almost impossible for any one who had known her in her former days to recognize her now. Notwithstanding, Sir William could not help feeling the most violent emotion: at length having partly recovered himself, he demanded who she was, and for what purpose she had thus boldly dared to obtrude herself upon him.

"You do not know me, Sir William Pledger," said Mabel, with a wild and melancholy laugh; "no wonder, no wonder—seeing how time has changed the features of one who once was fair, once was lovely and innocent. It is well for the guilty seducer, if his conscience can so sleep, that he remembers not his unfortunate victim—if he can forget the days when she was happy in her native home, and treasured in a fond father's bosom—that state of peace and serenity from which he enticed her, under the most specious promises, and by the most alluring vows. Would, oh, would that my memory was as weak; oh, it is a good thing to forget!"

"Woman," said Sir William, "what means this wild jargon? what would you have of me?"

"Listen," answered Mabel, advancing nearer to him, and placing her hand on his arm, at the same time she fixed her eyes upon his countenance, with such an expression that made him shudder unately; "listen, Sir William Pledger, I have that for your ear which may serve perhaps to recall your wandering recollection."

She then sang, in tones of melancholy plaintiveness, the following words:

"Believe, though I may wander far,  
Far over land and wave,  
I swear by yonder twinkling star,  
None shall my heart enslave  
But her whose blushing cheeks I kiss  
With pearly moisture wet:  
By all my future hopes of ~~bliss~~,  
~~I never will forget!~~"

The mist was now banished from the eyes of the guilty Sir William; his heart palpitated violently; he knew her immediately; the tones of her voice struck upon his conscience, while the words of the song recalled to his memory a dark tale of the treachery and cruelty that smote him with remorse. It was the same song with which, in the days when she thought he loved her, he had so often sung to her.

"Mabel! Mabel!" cried the conscience-stricken baronet, advancing towards her.

"Nay, stand off! approach me not," said Mabel, advancing towards the door by which she had entered; "thy look is contamination! Mabel has performed her errand; she has revealed herself to thee, and made thy dastard, guilty soul tremble; and now she leaves thee with her bitterest curse."

Thus saying, before the baronet could offer to move, she quitted the room, and left him to his own reflections. We need not attempt to portray them. For a few moments he could not believe the evidence of his senses, and wondered how he could have seen Mabel so frequently before without being able to recognize her; but at length he threw himself into a chair, and, by reflection, endeavored to compose his feelings.

Mabel, overcome by her frenzied emotions, and the exertion she had undergone in her brief interview with her cruel seducer, rushed wildly across the garden, and entered the fields beyond, where, unable to support herself any longer, she sunk insensible on the earth.

At this moment Providence directed the footsteps of General de la Garde and Jeremy Supple to the same spot. Beholding a female on the earth, appearing dead or dying, Jeremy hastened to the neighboring village to fetch a doctor.

The governor, whose sympathy was greatly excited, now raised the poor girl in his arms, and she slowly recovered her senses, and opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she said; "where is he, the villain, the monster, who —?"

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed the governor, in a state of great agitation; "that voice—those tones are familiar to my ears. Let me look at you more narrowly."

He parted the hair from her forehead, and gazed more intensely into her countenance; Mabel looked up into his face; they knew each other immediately, and with cries of transport, they fondly embraced.

In the meantime, while these events were going on, all was happiness

at the cottage of Goody Molloy. It may be necessary to give some brief particulars of James Heartwin, who, after the disappearance of Selina, was truly wretched, and the more so as he was without the means of rescuing her; from his connection with the smugglers, he feared to make any complaint to the proper quarters, and although he vowed at some future period to be revenged on Sir Willaim Pledger, he knew his power too well for the present to make the slightest attempt of the kind. In this manner months passed away, but what language can suffitently depicture the delight he experienced when Selina was restored to him, and he learned from her own lips that she loved him, if possible, more fondly than ever! Nothing could surpass the satisfaction Martin felt at the choice Selina had made. James had abandoned his former associates, and his father having lately died, had left him a farm and a little annuity. There was nothing then to prevent the union of the lovers, and a day had already been fixed, to which they all looked forward with the most anxious anticipations.

On the evening when Mabel and her father had encountered each other, Martin, James, and Selina were all at the cottage of Goody Molloy, and were getting very merry together, when suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door, and Bobby Crick, at the head of a posse of men, entered. He quickly told his business, namely, that Sir Willaim had been robbed of a case of jewels, and he suspected Selina of committing the theft, from her well known intimacy with Jane, his servant; and Bobby, therefore, being vested with a little brief authority, had, as they might infer from the men he had with him, come to search the cottage.

It would be a useless task for us to attempt to describe the shame horror, and indignation of all present, at this most infamous and preposterous charge; and Martin and James, rising from their seats, would have immediately used forcible means to eject Bobby and his companions from the cottage, had it not been for the interposition of Selina. Conscious innocence supported her throughout the whole of the trying scene, and giving the key of her box to Crick, she said:

"This charge, brutal as it is, is almost too absurd and contemptible for serious notice; it is well worthy of the man from whom it emanates; however, restrain your indignation, my brother and James; this scheme will but recoil upon the guilty, and Selina will be able to laugh to scorn the attempt made to injure her character."

"Shiver my topsails!" cried Martin; "but I will teach the lubber, Sir William what-do-you-call-him, that however much he may think to

trample and crush us beneath his feet, his station shall not protect him from retribution. Justice shall be done, and this turn out to be one of the dearest tricks he has ever played. My sister Selina a thief! d——e! the word almost chokes me. I——”

Selina again interrupted her enraged brother, and with the utmost indifference desired Bobby to proceed immediately with the search, and satisfy himself as to the truth of his allegations.

Crick proceeded to unlock the box, and watching his opportunity, he slyly placed the casket of jewels underneath some of the poor girl's-wearing apparel. He now pretended to examine the contents of the box more narrowly, and at length coming to the jewels, he held them up before the gaze of all, and then said :

“ Miss Roseberry, you may protest your innocence, but pray, after this discovery, how can you answer to the serious charge brought against you ?”

Selina gazed at the casket aghast, and for a few moments horror and stupefaction completely spell-bound every one present.

“ It is a monstrous stratagem, after all,” at length exclaimed Martin. “ can any one believe so ridiculous an accusation ?”

“ You may call it ridiculous, Mr. Roseberry,” returned Crick ; “ but I am afraid you will find it much more serious than you seem at present to think. It is my duty to take this unfortunate young woman into custody.”

“ May I never go aloft,” cried Martin, chenching his fist, and advancing towards Crick, “ if you attempt to lay a finger upon this poor, innocent girl, I will scuttle your figure-head, in the turning of a marlin-spike.”

“ Ruffian, begone !” exclaimed James Heartwin, his eyes flashing with indignation, “ or ——”

“ Hold, both of you, I command you, as you value my love,” firmly interrupted Selina ; “ I fear not the malice of my enemies ; conscious of my own innocence, I do not despair of being fully able to rebut this infamous charge, and obtaining justice for the injury that is attempted to be done me.”

“ The young woman must accompany me before a justice,” remarked Crick ; “ and you know it is no use attempting to resist the law. I cannot help it I am sorry for it ; but the whole of it is, that duty is duty, and I must perform it.”

Martin and James turned upon him a look of contempt, and then, in the most distracted manner, they proceeded to accompany the unfor-

nate Selina to the house of a magistrate, the damsel, on the way, continuing to support herself with the most astonishing fortitude under this despicable attempt to convict her of so great a crime.

The examination having taken place, the magistrate remanded Selina till a future day, in consequence of the absence of Sir William Pledger, who had not yet sufficiently obtained firmness and effrontery to meet the gaze of the innocent accused.

The parting that took place between Selina, her lover, and Martin, was of the most affecting character, and the two latter returned home in great agony of mind; in fact never before had they experienced such mental suffering.

The villain, Sir William Pledger, was seated in his study the day after these events, when he was interrupted in the midst of the meditations he was indulging in, by the appearance of a servant, who informed him that a man below demanded an interview with him.

"Demand!" repeated the baronet, with a haughty frown; "this is rather bold, methinks. Did he not mention his name?"

"He did, sir," answered the servant; "he called himself Martin Roseberry."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir William, somewhat alarmed, the brother of the girl suspected of —— Tell him I cannot see him."

The servant departed with that message, and the baronet waited with some anxiety to hear the result. He was not long kept in suspense. Presently he heard a loud noise below, and before he could recover himself, Martin stood before him.

We will pass over what took place at the meeting, with the exception of stating that it was one of the warmest description. Martin bitterly reproached Sir William with his villainy and cruelty, and the baronet replied with equal acrimony, and at length summoned several of his servants. After much difficulty Martin was ejected from the house, vowed vengeance against the wretch who was endeavoring to bring shame and sorrow upon his head, and all those who were connected with Selina.

The day that had been set apart for the examination of Selina at length arrived, and Sir William, in order to further the nefarious projects he had in view, had sent to a magistrate residing in the district, who was a friend of his, requesting that he would conduct the proceedings. Mr. Rivington, however, was taken ill, and unable to attend; but he had sent another gentleman in his place, who was also, as he said, a brother magistrate. The individual was a remarkably tall man,

enveloped in a long black mantle, that descended to his feet, and entirely concealed his form. His features were very handsome and there was something in them that made Sir William tremble when he gazed upon them. The examination was proceeded with; every circumstance was related with the most aggravating minuteness. When Bobby Crick was asked whether he saw the jewels in Selina's box, he laconically replied in the affirmative.

"And do you know who placed them there?" inquired the magistrate.

"I did," answered Bobby.

Sir William turned deadly pale, and was completely astounded at this unexpected answer.

"I did," repeated Bobby, "I have earned so little by being guilty, that I'm going to try what effect doing good will have on me. I put the jewels into Selina Roseberry's box, by order of Sir William, in order that he might get her accused of robbery."

"'Tis a base calumny!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Liar!" cried the supposed magistrate, rising with great dignity from his seat. "Friends, listen while I unmask this traitor to ye all. There were two brothers by the same father, who was wealthy and lord of these estates. One was called Gerard Pledger, the other William. Gerard, the eldest, was good and amiable; William was base and envious. They grew up. William coveted the wealth to which his brother was heir. He formed a cruel plot to destroy him; he had him secretly seized, and conveyed on board a vessel bound for India, where he ordered him to be murdered; but he escaped, and he now returns to claim those rights of which this villain hath plundered him."

"False—false as hell!" exclaimed Sir William.

"'Tis true," returned the gentleman, "and your coward conscience acknowledges that it is so. Behold, your brother Gerard stands before you! Begone, sir, from that roof you have long disgraced by your presence; resign that wealth you have unlawfully basked in, and thank my mercy that I do not punish your perfidy."

Sir William, apparently abashed, rushed from the chamber, but had not been gone many minutes, when he returned with a number of smugglers, all well armed, who surrounded Gerard and the rest, and threatened destruction. In the meantime, however, Martin, who had watched the behaviour of Sir William, and suspected his intentions, had made his way to the ship, and brought a number of his mates to the house. A smart contest now ensued, in which Sir William

received a mortal wound. The sailors were soon triumphant, and such of the smugglers as survived took flight.

Selina and her brother found an excellent friend in Gerard Pledger, and, on the day the former became the wife of James Heartwin, he gave her a sufficient marriage portion to render them independent for life.

Martin never married, but retiring from the sea, he resided with his sister and her husband, and was never so happy as when relating the numerous adventures he had met with during the time he had mingled in these exciting scenes upon the briny deep.

## BOOK III.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

THE pirates' boat swept rapidly, as the arms of twelve strong men could bear it, to the Melchor, which lay just beyond the point of land we have so often spoken of—and one after another the pirates regained their ship. Among the first to reach it was the Unknown, who bore Isabinda up the deck in his own arms, and hurried with her into the cabin. Above, all was noise and tumult—for the sailors were putting in the heavy cable, the rattling of the links of which sounded like the jangle of devils' chains; and through the port-holes was seen the rolling of the waves. On the deck lay many treasure boxes, and the sailors were busy hoisting the guns from the hold to the open or flush deck. It will be remembered that the Melchor, except when at sea, was forced always to assume the appearance of a peaceable trader, and that everything like armament in port had to be carefully concealed.

When he had reached the cabin, Isabinda was nearly exhausted, and the Unknown pointed to one of the boxes which lay strewn around, and said :

“Cheer up ! yours is a sad fate ; but fear not. It is best to die young and innocent, and not—— Bah ! sit down and cease this trembling. Here you will be free from many things that would offend you, young and delicate as you are—free from the oaths of the rude sons of the ocean, and the hopes which might spring up, futile as they are, from the vicinity of the English cruiser.”

“And is she, then, near us ?” said Isabinda.

“They say she is the swiftest keel in their navy, and she well deserves her name. For seven years this vessel has never met her match ;

but now she has found a master. Curse on them, I thought they were in the bar! There is no hope, lady, however brightly your eyes may beam. Before I am taken, I will blow myself up, and every person on board of her.

"Great Heaven!" said the frantic girl.

"Roll on, ye waters, and speed my gallant bark! Cradled on the rolling seas, my life has passed upon your bosom. Boyhood, the springing hopes of youth, scorn of fear, thoughts of glittering fortune—all have grown to power on your everlasting deeps. I bear with me that which will realize my soul's most daring wishes:—wealth and beauty! Shall the hand of man ever wrest them from me? Never! by the dark, the unknown future—never! To you I give what through you I have gained."

At that moment Weevil entered the cabin, and the Unknown asked him:

"How goes the chase?"

"Still they near us. Half an hour since, we had them in the main-top, but now she is hull down, nearly."

"Throw the other guns overboard, for we can fight them," said the Unknown. "Lighten her and spread every sail, for we must and will not be taken."

"We must not, sir," said Weevil.

"We will not. The cruiser has not yet begun to talk. Serve spirits to the men. I will be on the deck when I have made my last preparations. You understand?"

"Aye, aye; it is better to go to Davy Jones on the splitting timbers of our vessel, than dangle like scarecrows in an English port. I will go on deck."

"You hear, lady, how things are?" said the pirate.

"Shall I see my father no more?"

"Never, lady! but care not—if we escape, your life will pass with one who loves you better. They say the proud, arch-fiend himself admires virtue—and, guilty as I am, I love you with burning and undying love. You are mine, and Death alone shall part us."

The noise on deck increased, and the pirate went to one of the ports.

"Now, my fair ship, trust to your heels—for my last gun is gone."

The sound of a distant gun was heard, and the pirate said, "She speaks. Weevil, show them the black flag. Now for my last duty!"

The pirate approached the magazine, and took from it a coil of *fuse* or slow match.

"Father of all," said Isabinda, "must I so young meet a dreadfu

death? Must I so suddenly plunge from seeming happiness to that dark state we tremble so to contemplate? Spare me, sir, for my broken hearted father's sake, if indeed he live. Save me, though, from perishing thus."

The report of another gun was heard.

The Unknown placed one end of the coil within the magazine, and said:

"The sound is no nearer; we may yet escape. Would that the darkness of the last night yet hung pall-like about us."

Weevil came again into the cabin, and said, "Still, sir, she has the heels of us."

"I will come on deck; you see I am calm. There is my line of life!"—and he pointed to the coil. "A terrible coil it has been, and always has borne within itself the seeds of its own destruction."

"We have many here on board sir," said Weevil, "who—"

"I know—I know. I ask no man," said the pirate, "to share my fate."

"That poor girl, sir, and the sailor who is now a prisoner in the hold, they—"

"They must share my doom, for none must live to tell my secrets. Weevil, when I give the signal to launch the boats, see all our people in them. Bid them seek the nearest land, and, if they can, escape this English bull-dog at our heels."

The report of another gun was heard.

"Look to her," continued the Unknown. "Spread every inch of canvass that will draw. Send me wine and a lamp. Wine! wine!"

Weevil left to obey him, and the pirate turned to Isabiuda and bade her sing to him:

"Let," said he, "the pirate's bird of the wild waters die like the swan. Sing, sing to me!"

"His mind gives way. I cannot sing."

"A sailor brought in wine and a lamp, and immediately after he had left, a rapid firing was heard, followed by cries and shouts.

"Every moment gained," said Isabinda, "is precious. The cruiser may yet overtake us."

"Sing!" said the pirate.

"I would, but cannot. I tremble."

"Tremble! I love you as man never loved before. Had fate cast my lot of life on the dull land, I would have been a tender guardian to you; as it is, I cannot suffer another to clasp your form. Even in

death you are mine. Ha, ha ! for many a day our bridal will be remembered on this coast. The pirate and his virgin bride ! Destruction shall witness our contract, and seal it with desolation. Sing my death, betrothed and doomed love one. I await the warrant of annihilation in your sweet music. I beseech you sing !"

The pirate threw himself on the floor and drank deeply while his prisoner, taking a mandolin, touched its chords.

" I cannot sing. Spare me, and let me prepare for the fearful end approaching."

Another gun was heard, and the pirate laughed while Isabinda stood aghast.

" Laugh not," said she, " for it is so like my fearful dream."

" Tell me your dream. I love such mysteries. My life has been one stormy, fearful, terrible dream. Tell me your dream, and let me hear at least the melody of your voice."

" I dreamed that I slept at home," said Isabinda, " and that a negro, who once had stabbed my father, seized me. He sat by me with a drawn knife."

While she spoke, Tom Truck descended from above, and on his hands and knees crawled to Isabinda. He touched her, and the poor girl shrieked ; but seeing who it was, contrived to hide her emotion, and continued :

" He told me my life hung on his breath. I screamed then, for I saw a friend near me. I had a hope of escape, but saw that he was unarmed. I pointed out to him that my foe had at hand the means of destruction—that he had but to lift his voice, to call his brother ruffians. He said he would die for me, but I bade him be prudent, and pointed out where he could conceal himself."

" Did he do so ?" said the stranger.

" He did at last. I threw myself thus on my knees, (and she knelt,) crying, ' Oh, Eternal Power, I implore thy aid—save ! save me !'

The agitation of Isabinda had increased, and Truck, understanding what she meant, hid himself.

The Unknown lifted her up, and said :

" Why should you tremble at a dream ?"

As he spake, the sound of a gun was heard, followed by a crash that told that the shot had not been thrown away.

" Hark !" said he, " they reach us now ; but they cannot part us. You are and must be mine "

" Mercy ! mercy !"

The stranger seized and clasped her in his arms. He said: "Shrink not, for folded in my arms you will meet death. Stir not; no hope can aid you. Stir not, if you would escape what is worse than death. Yet do you shrink? I have not harmed you."

Another gun was heard, and he continued, "Yes, by this kiss, you are mine!"

Isabinda shrieked, and he continued: "Cease! Shrink not! This kiss!"

"Help! help!"

"Here is help, my lass," said Truck, starting up, "if I hang for it."

He seized the Unknown and grappled with him. "Put out the light, lady!"

Truck was no trifling antagonist, and wresting a dagger from the pirate, stabbed him. While mad with pain, the latter rushed towards the lamp, and had nearly grasped it ere Isabinda could comply with Truck's urgent request.

The pirate shouted out, "Ho, there! deck! deck! traitors!"—and rushed again on Truck—who was, however, managing him very well—when Weevill and others rushed in, striking the coxswain down. He would have been killed at once, when the pirate made them forbear, saying:

"Hold; he shall die a fearful death before his comrade's have met their doom."

This was the state of matters; and here we must leave the party, premising that from time to time the guns of the Wizard were heard more and more frequently, and rapidly nearing the pirate. It was a painful and agonizing scene, condensing the misery of a century into less time than it has required for us to relate it. Let us now go to the Wizard of the Wave.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE WIZARD OF THE WAVE.

THE whole crew of the cruiser was on deck, anxiously watching the chase. Many motives actuated them. Falkner sought to secure the performance of the duty on which he had been sent. Belford was thinking of Isabinda, and many a seaman wondered what had become of their favorite Tom Truek, the captain's coxswain.

Tim came on the orlop deck, and said :

“They are fixing the tables in the cockpit, and I am to help the doctor in the operation.”

A gun was heard, which startled Tim’s nerves, and he exclaimed : “Mercy ! two or three more such sounds will operate on me most unpleasantly. I wish I could find a gun-proof box somewhere.”

Another shot was fired, and the clerk continued : “Lord ! if our guns affect me so, what will theirs do ?”

Manly came on deck and placed his hand on his shoulder, which had the effect of bringing Treacle on his knees, with an exclamation :

“Lord ! I thought it was a twenty-four pound shot. I have the ague. Do you hear my teeth chatter ?”

“Get up, you fool. Here comes Belford, who has brought the lieutenant with a horrible wound on board.”

The doctor said, “Belford is wanted in the cabin ; and look here, Mr. Purser’s clerk, be careful to report below the state of the chase.”

“Yes, your honor,” said Tim.

As he moved, another gun was heard, and he paused, saying, “Sir, must I go on deck ?”

“Go, you devil,” said Belford, “and be quick !”

“Dear ! yes. I wish,” said he, aside, “they may get me on deck !”

“Manly, the governor is badly wounded,” said Belford.

“Shall we take him to the cockpit ? If the pirate fight, he will be better there.”

“Go to him at once ; he were better there ;” and, amid the firing, Manly left.

Tim rushed in, and Belford asked :

“How is the chase ?”

“Pretty well, I thank you, sir. How are you ?” The poor lad had lost the little wit with which nature had endowed him.

"This is no time for jesting."

"Ah, yes sir—a deal too fast."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, sir," said Tim, "I mean that her sky-scrappers cut the water with the velocity of her binnacle. Her helm is hard aport to starboard, and her bowsprit points over our taffarel. It is a certain road to victory. Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Are you mad? Man, what does this mean? Raddle report to me the state of things at the next gun."

"Aye, aye, sir;" and the officer left.

Tim said to Raddle: "Do you think they will fight?"

"I hope so——"

"Lord! I hope not. They'll make a general from you who saved a female from devouring flames. You rushed magnanimously in and heroically out of them."

"I did, with my own Dianez, whom I lost at Gibraltar."

"I never heard of any such ship being lost."

"Come," said Raddle, "I must go on deck and report the state of the chase."

A gun was heard, and Tim said

"What is the use? the chase is reporting herself."

"March, you slop-stealing beggar, or I will stir you up with my bayonet."

"Stab me in the baek! Lord! Lord! the last of the Treacles will be lost."

They left, and immediately after a sound like that of many steps was heard on deck, followed by shouts, and Falkner, Hearton and Manly came below.

Falkner laughed merrily, and said: "Ha, ha! gentlemen, you see I knew the robber was about to tack, and a long reach now will shorten our distance from him."

"She is handled by a true seaman, sir, and obeys the helm like a court lady. It is a comfort to a sailor to see such things at sea."

"True, Manly," said Falkner. "There is pleasure in a chase like this, when I feel like the poet's winged avenger. The viewless winds seem the coursers that fear me, and old Ocean's besom my battle-field. There is no joy like the wild enthusiasm of a master's conflict. I could sing like a girl in a dance, or a sailor at a fair, or a negro at Punch and Judy. My brave fellows, fortune is before you; a mine of wealth is in that vessel—enough to make a cook a peer, if money could make a gentleman."

" Is the pirate, then, so rich ?" said Manly.

" He is rich as Croesus. But go on deck, Mr. Manly, and plump a shot or two into the chase. Spoil her wings, Manly."

" Depend on me, sir."

" Hearton," said Falkner, " I never seemed more gay, yet to you that have known me long, I will confess a secret presentiment of death or sorrow."

" Death, sir !"

" Answer not. I have no time for words. Take these keys ; if I fall, you will find directions about my property. For aught I know, I was born on the sea, and would wish to die upon its bosom."

" Born at sea !"

" An old seaman, who brought me up, found me at sea. I had this chain and locket around my neck. It is the portrait of I know not whom—perhaps my mother. I may never know."

A shot was heard, and the captain sang out : " Bravo, Manly ! Did you reach her ?"

" Yes, sir ; we saw the splinters fly."

" Good ! Try her again."

Belford entered, and said, " The governor, sir, is dying ; he raves for his daughter, and says she is on board the pirate ship."

" Heaven forbid !" said Falkner. Hearton, go on deck and give them the benefit of your experience, while I visit this unhappy man."

The master left, and Ralph Raddle joined the captain.

" Our shot, sir, be playing the devil with the pirate, and Mr. Manly bid me tell you they are hoisting out their boats."

" They have, perhaps," said Belford, " scuttled the ship——"

" And now, like rats, leave a sinking vessel. We must not lose the gold, nor you the lady. Look to her father, Belford, while I do my best to lay the Wizard alongside the enemy. Cheer up man all may yet be well."

The captain left for the deck.

## CHAPTER III

## THE DEATH-BED.

DON JOSE lay on a couch in the captain's cabin, evidently suffering deeply, while by his side was his Lieutenant Feraguez, who, to give even a bad man his due, had been assiduous in his attentions to his unfortunate master :

"Be silent, excellenza, they say the Wizard gains on the pirate. You will see your daughter again."

"Will they not see my guilt ? I shall again see my child—yes, yes ! It may be to hear her curse her felon father. The mocking world will point me out, and scorn's loud voice will cry: "Behold the cheated robber!" Wo' I had died upon the shore in fire and agony, rather than meet t' present hour."

He sat' aek, overcome by the effort he had made.

Belf came in, and said, "Courage, sir ! The pirates abandon their vessel, and a few short minutes will place us alongside."

A great commotion and shouting were heard on deck, and Belford said :

"Hearton—Manly—what news ?"

Hearton replied : "A boat from the pirate ship comes towards us, and a female dress is floating in the wind."

"Ha ! my daughter ! my daughter !" said Don Jose ; "I shall see her again."

"Save her, Manly ! save her !" said Belford. "Heaven grant it may be so !" and he hurried from the cabin of the dying man.

"It is plain they have scuttled and deserted the ship. I will see, though."

Wild with joy, Don Jose exclaimed : "Does she sink ? Ha ! all evidence of my crime sinks with her ;" and he laughed hysterically, until he fainted in Feraguez's arms."

Falkner and Belford entered the cabin, while the noise and shouting on deck continued.

It is a cruel disappointment, Belford. I thought, when I saw a female in the boat, that the pirate relented and had returned your lady. Courage, though, man !—she may not be on board. I have ordered all in the boat to be brought below."

"Steady !" "Throw the rope !" "Heave-o !" and similar nautical commands, were heard on deck ; and a voice exclaimed :

"A wounded man and an old woman!—odd things to pick up at sea!"

Hearton soon after entered, bringing the quadroon woman in, and also Weevil, who was desperately wounded.

"Why, messmate, I should know you!" said the captain, taken quite aback.

"Yes--a sheer hulk, and surging just before settling down."

"Were you hurt, my man, by our guns?" said Falkner.

At the sound of his voice, Weevil started and said: "What! can he be here? That voice! It is impossible; he is at the wheel. Ha! look you here! I am going, old woman! Strange fancies swim before my eyes!"

"Why look you so at me?" said the captain.

"I could swear to the voice alone—to face, chain, and all but the dress. Ha, ha! Death is playing his tricks on a poor devil. Woman, woman, look at him!"

The old woman looked around: "Safe on board! the woman will not die yet—and she is not fit to die.

"Ha! he is there on the deck! Old as I am, I saw him with my own eyes at the wheel; yet he is here!"

She advanced to Falkner, and said: "What can this mean? Let me think—let me think!"

"Why am I an object of fear to you?" said Falkner.

"Who are you? Speak!"

"I command this vessel, and my name is Falkner."

"No—Frederic, not Falkner," said she; "I remember well."

"What can this mean?" inquired he. "Who is the female on the hooner?"

"It is the governor's daughter," said Weevil. "I come to bid you lay yourself alongside, if you would save her."

Nanny, the quadroon, had for some time been carefully eyeing Falkner, and said:

"The chain, too! Lay not alongside the pirate. One will live—yes, one. I am not guilty—I am not a murderer. Do not approach that vessel."

Weevil sought to rise, and exclaimed, in a very angry tone, "Peace you hag!"

"The girl is there, and he loves her. Do you? do you? Yet go not near her. He stands with a match at the wheel, and has sent this man to urge you to come alongside."

"Devil of h—ll!" said Weevil, "will no one stop her?"

"He sent him," said the quadroon, "to urge you to come alongside, that he might fire the train and blow all to destruction."

"Villain!—but he is taken," said Falkner.

"Never!" said Weevil; "he threatened to destroy himself, the ship, the gold, and the girl—and the rascal laughed triumphantly."

"Let him do it, but do not lift your hand," said Nanny.

"Speak plainly."

Manly rushed in, and said, "There is a struggle on the pirate's deck. Two men contend and the woman shrieks."

Belford and Manly rushed on deck, while Weevil muttered to himself, "What can this mean?—Truck was secured below."

I cut his lashings!" said the quadroon, exultingly.

"Curse on you, hag!"—and seeking to rush on her, he fell, tearing the bandages from his wound. "Let me die!—let me die!"

"This is horrible!" said the captain.

The old quadroon seized the captain's arm: "Pray," said she, "that he whom you pursue may die before you meet." She took the portrait from the captain's breast, and said: "Listen! That was your mother, and the pirate is your brother. Your mother, Lady Monteville, was—"

Don Jose had partially recovered, and rushed forward, saying. "Who mentioned Monteville? All are dead save— Who, though, are you?"

He spoke to the quadroon; and slowly recalling her features through the lapse of thirty years, exclaimed:

"Yes, 'tis Manguette, the nurse. Heaven has sent more witnesses."

After gazing fiercely on him, she said:

"Yes, Heaven does! Murderer! fraticide! villain!—I know your guilt."

She sprang at the throat of the wounded man, and would have strangled him; but was finally, with great difficulty, torn away.

Manly and several sailors entered the cabin, and Falkner placed his hand upon his heart and said, "He never more will see his child."

"It is the judgment of God," said the old woman.

The dead bodies of Weevil and Don Jose were borne away, while Falkner went on deck to learn the condition of the chase, determined to inquire into all the particulars of the mysterious woman.

When there, Manly approached him, and said: "All is plain, for we can see that the lady is a prisoner on deck."

"Can be be my brother? Oh God, I shall go mad!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE FINALE.

THE two vessels lay in the open sea, and far in the distance, so rapidly had they sailed, were seen the highlands of Cuba. Even at that distance, the perfume of the land breeze was perceptible—as great a rebuke to the terrible scene being enacted, as if the incense of the altar had been burned in the slaughter-house. The occupants of the decks of the two vessels were plainly visible to each other, and presented most dissimilar features. That of the man-of-war was crowded with men, all watching the scene with the greatest anxiety, while at the wheel stood the Unknown, with none near him ~~but~~ Isabinda, who was bound with her hands to the binnacle. Through the bulwark, which the Wizard's shot had crushed, lay an armory of pistols, and the pirate captain stood gazing at her with an eye full of gloating passion and deep revenge.

Isabinda looked at the pistols and struggling to obtain one, said :

“ Could I but get one of those weapons, I would at least have life and death in my own hands. Father, father, sad was the day when you confided your own honor and your daughter to the care of an outlaw and a pirate. Merciful Providence, protect!—all hope is vain—that villain approaches me!”

The pirate drew near. “ The helm,” said he, “ is lashed down; the running gear is made secure—ha, ha! we hold our own, and the British will not easily regain the distance lost in heaving too for Weevil. Bride of the pirate, is it not joyous thus to ride on the wings of destruction? Come, you will love me for this bold manœuvre.”

“ You cannot escape.”

“ I more than hope it.” He looked through his glass at the deck of the Wizard, and said: “ There is commotion there.”

As he spoke, the sails of the vessel were let fall.

He continued, “ Can I believe my eyes? They are tired of this chase. Hoora! hoora! you coward dogs! What made you leave this noble boat, never before matched on all the broad seas? They send a boat. Think they I will heave to, to aid their trick? Girl, you are now mine!”

A boat pulled from the vessel towards the pirate, and slowly but certainly grew more distinct.

Isabinda had forgotten herself, and exclaimed, "Father, father, shall I see you no more?"

"You will not; you leave a felon father to become an outlaw's bride. Aye, a fitting match. It is well a fog is rising. The Wizard has lost his magic wand; they make for the bay. By Heavens, I believe they fear me!"

And the Wizard did turn its bow towards the land, and in a few moments was completely hidden by the dense fog which nearly obscured the whole horizon.

"All hope is lost. A reckless madness is now rushing on me. Though the waters swept over me, I would be glad to die." She struggled to free herself, but paused and said:

"What would I do? Suicide! Peril my soul's salvation! Oh, save me! save me!"

She knelt at the binnacle, and the pirate stood by, closely watching the closing mist. Isabinda was however startled, by hearing a piece of cord fall almost at her very feet. She started, looked aloft, and seeing Truck, uttered a shriek which at once brought her captor, her Truck, in the meantime, hid himself behind the immense sail.

"What means that shriek?"

"My wrist is broken," said the poor girl, "and the cords crush my arm."

The pirate unbound her. "Poor girl," said he, "why should I play the monster longer? We must not part. I will bear you to a land where pleasure waits your call, with wealth obedient at its beck. I will bow to you I love, as I have not done to the world I hate. What might I not have been, as yet unconquered in might of intellect by mortal man, had the pure eye of this bright angel only smiled on me before crime had sullied my hand! We are alone on the waters. You are in my power, yet I harm you not. My foes are baffled, and I triumph. I am, however, yet your slave. Yes, I repeat, despising human foes, hunted and branded, I bow to virtue and to you, a humble slave."

The outlaw knelt, and Isabinda, in spite of her awful condition, could but pity him.

During this conversation, Truck had descended the mast, and slowly advanced on his hands and knees towards the binnacle. Never did a cat advance more stealthily on its prey—so that he seemed rather a moving shadow than a thing of life. He gradually passed around the mast, to the spot where the armory of pistols we have before spoken of were deposited. Selecting carefully the largest and apparently the

deadliest, he sprang on his feet, and seizing the robber by the shoulder said :

" Now, Mr. Devil, or whatever you are, surrender :

" Am I betrayed ?" said the Unknown ; " and he, too rapidly to be prevented, discharged it at Truck. The old coxswain was not easily taken aback ; but, placing his pistol at the pirate's throat, returned the compliment. All seemed terminated, for the pirate fell on deck, and Isabinda fainted in the arms of the rough soldier. A distant shout was heard, which recalled Truck's attention to what he had to do, and looking at his jacket, through which his antagonist's ball had made a hole, he said :

" My precious eyes ! Master Tom, you had a nice escape there ! Hark, Miss, Marm, my lady ! that shouting we hear is from the boat that left the ship before this fog came on. Shall I hail them ? for you be captain of this craft now."

" Do not. Perhaps it may be some the crew who deserted the ship and are now on their return. See if he be dead."

" No, Marm ; but my eyes ! is it not like the captain—gold chain and all ?"

" They come, do they not ?"

" Yes, they do." He cast the wheel loose, and said, " O, Lord, if you have only a catspaw for other people, give old Tom a capful."

A hail was heard from the mist, and Isabinda recognized Belford's voice.

So, too, did Truck, who exclaimed : " That is a trumpet I am used to."

" Truce ahoy !" was the challenge.

" Truce ahoy !" replied Truck.

" Truce, ay ? That is Mr. Belford's voice. I suckled him. Ho ! ho ! give way."

During this conversation, the pirate captain had revived and turned to a spot where he saw a hatchet ; with this he advanced towards Truck, who was busy at the helm, and would doubtless have cut him down, had not the young girl called out and put him on his guard. The sailor, however, caught the weapon in his hand, and threw the villain on the deck, where he would have despatched him, had not Isabinda prevented him.

" Very well, Marm. I won't, but he is a precious chap ! Curse me, if he knows when he is dead ! Give way, lads, with a will," shouted he to the boat ; " and here goes for shortening the distance."

He placed the spokes of the wheel in the young girl's hands, and cut

away the halyards and clew-lines, and proceeded with the other ropes. Scarcely had he done so, when a boat appeared alongside, and Belford and the quadroon appeared on the pirate's deck.

"It is he!" said Isabinda.

We need not describe how the young girl rushed into his arms, and how fervently and passionately he kissed her. All the troubles they had undergone seemed atoned for, and the misery of the last twenty-four hours lost in oblivion.

Truck pulled the old quadroon on board, and would have embraced her, but she repelled him, and said:

"Back, fool! Is he alive?" She rushed to the pirate, and when she saw his condition, exclaimed: "Theodore! Theodore! Lost—for ever lost!"

"Yes, nurse, you have lived to see the pirate founder. You must lighten my death's darkest hours. Is this mother's picture? Was it placed on my neck by her hand?"

"Are you dying, Theodore?"

"Yes, I die—quick, and tell me!"

"That is her picture. She placed it around your neck when the murderers tore you and your twin brother from her bosom and set you adrift on the wild, wild ocean, with your poor old nurse."

"What, nurse, was the name?"

"Your father was Earl of Monteville."

The pirate sought to rise, and looked proudly around.

"Then," said he, "I was born of no common stock—a lordly descent. How know you this?"

"I know—I nursed you from the hour of your birth. But listen, Theodore: I come from your brother, the brave Falkner, with an offer of the means of escape. Your pursuer is your brother."

"Ha!" said he, "my brother! Then no other blood than my own could overcome me. Falkner my brother! Therefore were we so much alike. Brave brothers! Now I glory in you. Foundlings as we were on the ocean, side by side we might have fought our way to fame. Let no one know his brother was a pirate. Mother, dear mother, plead for me!"

The pirate kissed his mother's picture, and died:

"The scene was one worthy of comment. There were two men even physically alike and similar. The one, falling like seed on the ground into good hands, had become a credit to himself and his country, while the name of the other had become an opprobrium. Many a mother

throughout the Antilles frightened her child to sleep, with tales of the captain of the Melchor. All now was over, the dread contest was over, and virtue and honesty had triumphed over vice.

At the time that the pirate fell on the deck, shouts were heard in the distance, which evidently came from the ship which had followed the pirate vessel in its course. The Unknown was not dead, but started up, and said, with energy :

“ Place the girl in the boat and leave her to me. Be gone ! Tell my brother I would see him on this deck alone—alone ! But it is in vain, for now I cannot escape.”

The shouts seemed nearer and nearer, and he said :

“ They come ! The fog, too, clears up. Away ! away !”

“ Let him have his way, your honor,” said the coxswain. “ I will remain.”

“ Ah !” said the pirate, “ that at least were some revenge.”

“ Theodore !” said the quadroon.

“ Heaven bless your kind old soul ! Leave me, though leave me !”

The shouts grew nearer and nearer, and Belford and Truck placed Isabinda in the boat. The young man entered immediately after her, and the mist having by this time cleared away, the Wizard of the Wave was seen rapidly approaching the Melchor.

The Unknown, during these moments, looked sadly on, and speaking to himself, said :

“ No ; we will not meet. His fame shall never be obscured by a brother’s ignominious death. The train to the magazine is already prepared, and it shall be done. Brother, world, hope, love—all adieu !”

The outlaw hastens to an outlaw’s grave. The wretched man slowly glided from the deck.

“ All is right, your honor,” said Truck.

The boat left, and Truck looked around for the pirate.

“ Avast these ! Where is the prisoner ? Some devil’s work is being done.”

“ The train ! the magazine ! I know him well.”

Truck hurried from the deck, but in a moment came back aghast. Trust to me, old girl—that incarnate devil has fired the train.”

Truck took the old woman in his arms, and, springing over board swam towards the boat. He had gone but a short distance, however when the Melchor blew up, with a noise which sent dismay to every soul. The shattered timbers flew in every direction, and the pirate had gone to his long account with that ship which had been the scene of his

atrocities. When the Wizard reached the spot where the vessel had been, not a vestige was seen, and the vast treasures he had on board, among which was that stolen by the unfortunate Don Jose, had gone to the depth of the sea. Some day we may attempt to describe the search for it, and its retrieval.

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## CONCLUSION.

### THE RETURN.

WHEN the explosion took place, the boat in which Falkner and Isabinda were, turned and was rowed rapidly to relieve Truck and the quadroon. It was time to attend to the injuries he had received, and the weight of the old woman sadly encumbered him. The whole party reached the vessel, where every care was given to Isabinda, and the vessel tacked and returned to Santiago de Cuba. The fact of the governor's defection was already known, and an officer had arrived from a neighboring port to replace him. To the new comer Feraguez endeavored, in spite of the wishes of Falkner, not only to shield the unfortunate man, but to hide every trace which related to the career of his unfortunate brother. It was however impossible to do so, and the sharp exigencies of the Spanish law—the executioner and garrote—soon brought him to the end of his days.

Donna Capella and her niece welcomed Isabinda with kindness and consideration; and as she had now no protector, the scruples of her father's old chaplain and confessor, on the score of Belford's Protestant principles, were finally overcome, and she was united to the accomplished and fascinating lieutenant.

The felicity of these ardent lovers was now unbounded. The greatest demonstrations of joy were exhibited throughout Isabinda's large circle of friends and acquaintance, and the ceremonials of the wedding day were enlivened not only with the wit of Tom Truck and the facetious details of the bridegroom, but with the hilarity and boisterous merriment of some of the choicest spirits of the British navy—and even the aforesome mysterious Falkner seemed now entirely divested of his infernal traits, and exceeded the others, if possible, in enhancing the already overflowing cup of joy.

In a few days the immense quantity of treasure left by the pirate, at

the lovely Posada on the sea-shore, was taken on board the Wizard as a lawful prize ; and the disclosures made by the pirate to Isabinda of other hidden riches, together with the valuable jewels found upon the person of the governor at the time of his death, conferred upon Belford and his beloved bride a most ample fortune.

The Dianez whom it will be remembered Raddle had spoken of to Treacle, was found to be the one he had lost in Malta ; and at the same time that Belford and Isabinda were married, Dianez took the brave marine for better or worse.

The Wizard, with her rich cargo, sailed for Jamaica, taking with her all who have figured in our tangled web ; and, after a few days, was despatched to England, where Falkner, on producing the evidence of his splendid achievements, received the promotion he so richly deserved. Years rolled by, and the post-captain became an admiral, and the evidence which he had obtained from the old quadroon enabled him to recover the title of the Earl of Monteville. Raddle and Dianez were dependents of his lordship, and lived happily and cheerfully at their sylvan home, which was not far from the castle of the admiral, the Earl of Monteville.

Let us pass many years. The earl had married, and children grew up around him—the eldest of whom, the Viscount Borden, saw and loved the dark-eyed daughter of Admiral Sir Eustace Belford. Our readers in him will recognize an old acquaintance, and the occasion of the marriage was celebrated in the richest manner. Oxen were roasted whole, peasants danced on the green, and fire-works were discharged. The dower of the bride consisted of the jewels which the unfortunate Don Jose had on his person when he died, and the settlement on the groom was formed in no small degree from the money which the pirate had purloined from the mines.

All thoughts of unpleasantness, however, were removed, and the union of the two families was made complete. Let us leave them here, with the single statement that Tom Truck became the valet and confident of the earl, whom he used sometimes to berate atrociously, and of whom he used to say, “ Blast my eyes, if I do not think his lordship, after all, is the devil !”

Tim Treacle kept an inn not far from the castle, and used to tell admiring bumpkins of the famous fight he had with the pirate, in which he won immortal glory.

Manly died a post-captain, and Hearton was laid up in ordinary, as the Master of Greenwich Hospital. An honor was in store for him. Bluff King William, the midshipman king, the only sailor except

Canute who ever sat on the English throne, visited his pensioners. Hearton was in uniform; and after a full examination of all the details, and calling around him those of the old veterans whom he remembered, he turned to the old master. He was old and gray, and reverently uncovered to the king, whom when a boy he had taught to splice the ropes:

“ Give me your sword, Mr. Hearton.”

The master obeyed.

“ Kneel down !”

He knelt.

The king placed the accolade on his shoulder, and said “ Arise, Sir Philip Hearton, a Knight of my Bath !”

We have disposed of all of our characters, and here end for ever our story.

THE END.



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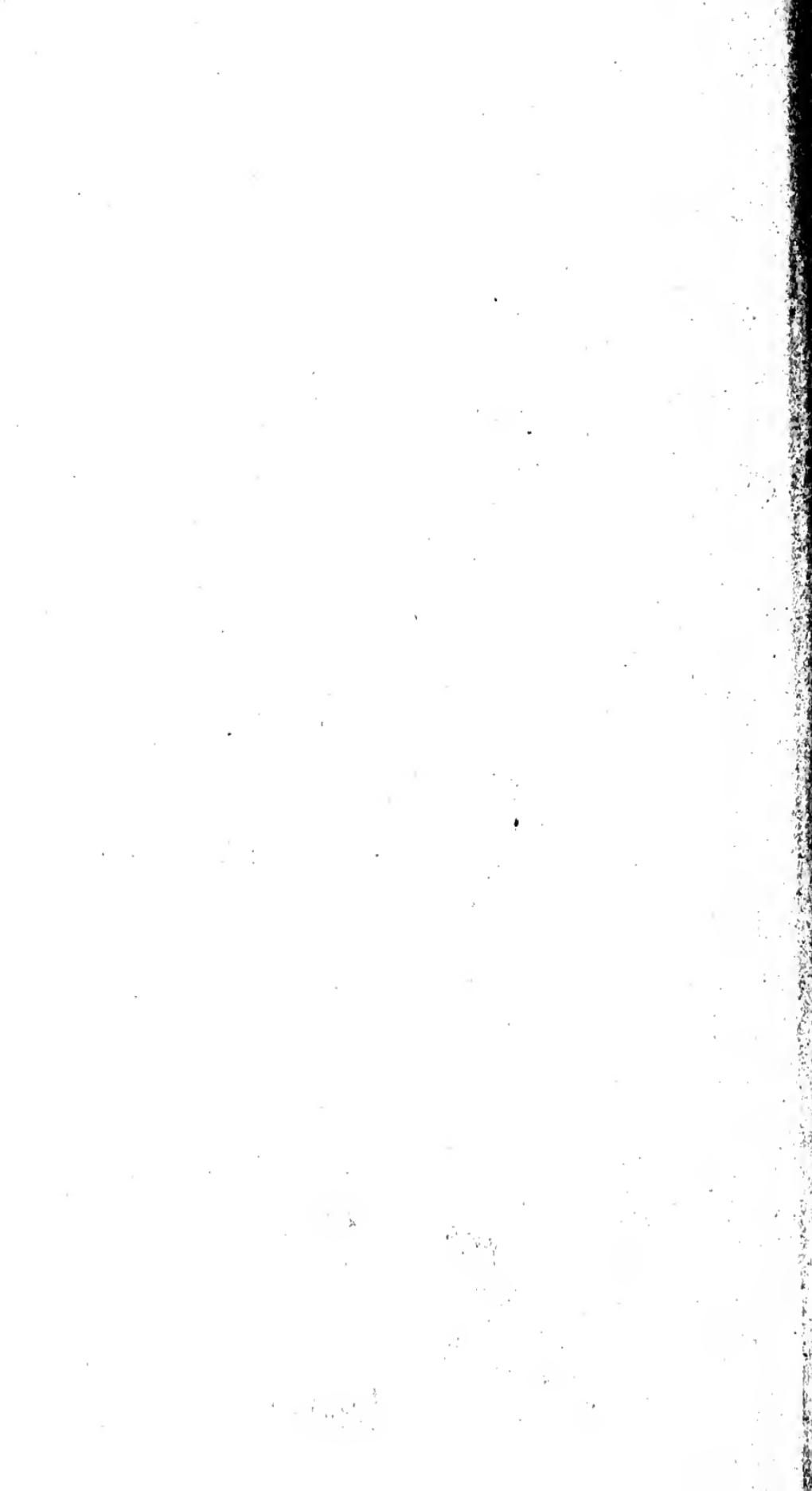
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